THE FORUM

FOR DECEMBER 1913

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE

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MAN acts in Society; he thinks and dreams in Solitude. It is not well for a man to be alone too much; the gregarious instinct is a very healthy one, yet the health of the individual demands that he shall retire from time to time into the solitudes, where he may hold communion with his own self,

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."

There can be an excessive activity of the social instinct, healthy as in the main that is, and in most men there is an excessive activity. To be alone with their thoughts and feelings is painful to them, and so they hasten to find their place in the crowd again. Indeed the citizen does not love the solitary man overmuch. He notes the "lean and hungry look" of the solitaries, and finds them infected with revolutionary thoughts and anti-social notions. To go away from the city to the country, or to the seashore or mountains, is well enough in the sultry days of summer, but to retire into one's self, and to live there, does not impress the average citizen favorably. The solitary, it may frankly be admitted, is a rather dangerous person, who is likely at any time to come out of his retreat for no other purpose than to unsettle human values.

It is natural that the conservative should frown upon him, for Society in the mass is always organized stupidity. At bottom it is a mobocracy. Ideas find the gregarious soil shallow and barren for their seeds. But the conservative is always at home in the crowd; he is no alien to Society, but to the "manor born." And there is much to justify the conservative. Society is the

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home of the graces and refinements, of love and friendship. Whatsoever is most human in us—our interests and intimacies and enjoyments—everything, indeed, that apparently makes life worth living seems to pass from us when we leave the habitation and the street. Moreover, Society is the goal of ambition, of achievement, of all things which human beings are able to accomplish. We should not be surprised then if Society should prove to be a jealous mistress, for she is quite right in holding that all the issues of life and death are fought for her, and that without the assembling of men together, there is nothing ultimately true or good or beautiful; that the individual by himself is meaningless.

Nevertheless, Solitude has claims that may not be put aside. Whatsoever is good in Society, whatsoever is true and beautiful, has come out of Solitude. All great thoughts, all noble ideals, have been born in Solitude. The tall spirits of the race have not been the most gregarious; they have not been what the man in the street calls "good mixers." They have not in reality been unfriendly; on the contrary, they have usually been more friendly than the persons whose faces always glowed with smiles, when they passed their neighbors on the thoroughfares, or met them in the drawing-room. But their friendliness has taken another form, a form which later has been seen for what it was, and their thoughts are now spoken by every tongue, and their stride marks the time of every footstep.

Society is the high-water mark of realized fact; Solitude is the ideal which would realize a larger vision. Masses of men are always satisfied with themselves; the children of lonely thought are never satisfied, for they are only too well aware that there are heights of life which they have not ascended, depths which they have not explored. They perceive the possibility of an experience beyond experience, a beauty sweeter, a truth higher, a goodness nobler than any of current report. They discover that no matter how artistic Society's tailor may be, the coat that he makes is soon threadbare. The genius is always somewhat cavalier in his dealings with the popular idols, and it may be that he not infrequently loses sight of the metal in present fact, because of the tarnish there, yet he is never quite oblivious of

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the metal. But his optimism towards the future carries him away from the cities and farms of the present to the mountains of the prophetic spirit, from whose summits he may survey the gleamings of a Golden Age and the City of God.

The genius of Solitude is the true eye of Society. Ordinarily, men are blinded by the dust and heat of partisan and sectarian strife, and even more by commercial interests. The pressing care of the moment—the hewing of wood and the drawing of water—seems to be the only thing worth while to the majority. Society has decreed the law, and the masses have no other will than to obey. No higher will is known. Society has its conventional law, its conventional morality, its conventional religion, and its conventional way of doing business. These things are taken for granted. They are not reasoned upon by the average person. Most people are sticklers for precedent, and believe that to obey is the highest virtue. History is regarded by them as a truer teacher than the Prophet.

Society is always outwardly respectable and decorous. Within the mansions, life is gay. Men are well tailored; women are richly gowned. The spoken words are softly uttered. The parson prays for the welfare of his flock, and drones out platitudes in his sermon. The merchant and the manufacturer are content as long as profits are secure. The wealthy man is honored, and usually worshipped. Surely it would appear that all things in Society are well ordered; are at one, indeed, with the divine will.

But our lonely poets and prophets and philosophers are not satisfied. They profess to see evils in Society that are commonly overlooked; to see, in fact, what it is not fashionable to see, nor respectable. They see the gay mansions, but they see the hovels too; the rich garments, but the rags of the poor no less; the soft words they hear, but they also hear the curse. These men are not satisfied with the success of the manufacturer and the merchant, while a world of misery lies all around them, the world of the poor who go scantily clad, and often hungry and without a sheltering roof. They are certain that Success must be a very unlovable god, he is so partial, and the prayer and sermon that do not proclaim a real brotherhood of man, and a universal fatherhood of the divine, jar upon their ears. The

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poet finds himself stifled in this atmosphere of commercialism which has never absorbed the fragrance of the flowery meads, and knows nothing of majestic rivers and sky-piercing mountains. The great deeps of Solitude have nourished lovelier ideals than the conventional ones of prosperous financial and industrial magnates, and between these ideals of Society and Solitude there is a very wide gulf. The artists and the philosophers despise the men of business, and the men of business in turn despise the philosophers and the artists.

It is very unfortunate, this feud between the realists of Society and the idealists of Solitude, but there can be no question which party will be obliged to yield in the end. All the charm that our Society of to-day possesses it owes to the idealists of the past. There is no citizen of the present who would reverence the society of his remote ancestors. Let him despise the poet and the prophet as much as he will, he has yet entered with joy into the inheritance that was won for him by a poet's song, and a prophet's iron tone. The mansion, the genial conversation, the graces and amenities of life, the church are all debts which he owes to a spirit whose latter-day incarnations he affects to scorn and treat with utmost disdain. There is scarcely a comfort which he enjoys that would have been attained but for the masterful purpose of art.

Emerson has said that " Solitude is impracticable and Society fatal." Without the ideals which the lonely spirits of Solitude bring to our doors, Society would indeed be fatal. The hope of Society lies in the men of reflection and vision, into whom the Life of Ages is " richly poured," the Life which we find

> " Breathing in the thinker's creed,
> Pulsing in the hero's blood,
> Nerving simplest thought and deed,
> Freshening time with truth and good.
>
> Consecrating art and song,
> Holy book and pilgrim track,
> Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
> From the sacred limits back."

It is this Life of Ages to which all righteous appeal is made. If we can square with that, the foundation of our purpose is a

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rock; if we cannot, it is nothing but flimsy and treacherous sand. Society is indeed a precious thing, and its reality must be preserved, even if its forms must be destroyed again and again. There is a society not yet recognized by that which calls itself Society, an association of the poor and lowly of the earth, who are regarded as fortunate if they secure the crumbs which fall from rich men's tables; an association of individuals organized only by the bond of the spirit, who, for the most part, know nothing of the graces and amenities of life; the unkempt and unlettered children of the field and workshop, whose joys are few and cares many. These, too, must emigrate from the hovel to the mansion; they must cease their dreary stammering, and learn to speak with articulate voice; they must find room in the church to worship; they must receive their equitable share in the profits of Society, which now fall mainly to the manufacturer, the merchant and the financier.

Society is a will-o'-the-wisp until it is founded on human brotherhood; until every man knows that he is a brother to every other man. The joy of life must become a universal joy, not one to which only a few are invited, while the many remain alien and outcast. No man should be an alien and outcast. Not until Humanity becomes the cornerstone of Society shall an individual stand firmly planted on his feet, and with eyes that may gaze unflinchingly into the future. We may bind the limbs of men to-day with iron, we may gag their organs of speech, we may crush the very life whose blood flows within vein and artery; but these bound limbs shall yet smite, these tongues shall yet speak, these lives shall yet be free. If Society denies justice, the red banner of revolution shall be unfurled in the air. He is a very ignorant man who fancies that coercion settles anything. The life that is the peasant in time learns to smile at the life that is the king. It learns to smile and crush its oppressor. Things are never settled until they are settled right. Let the conservative pile up his obstacles on the pathway that leads to progress; let him pile them up until they have become mountain-high; let him scream in anger until he grows purple with apoplexy; the rising tide of human aspiration is of a river that shall roll aside every obstacle.

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For there is an Infinite in every man which speaks from the deeps of his Solitude, and is sooner or later heard by all. This Infinite is man's larger self. We may convince another by argument that our wrong is right, but one cannot convince oneself, and in this truth the weakness of Society's conservatism is found. In the din and bustle of Society, the familiar tones are heard to the exclusion of the sky-born melodies that are heard in Solitude, and which are later interpreted as the accents of divine love; but, although in the noisome clamor only the jarring notes of greed and private warfare are heard, there are hours when even Society may be said to go into Solitude, hours when the divinely human energies within us work miracles. The Infinite has spoken, and Society has listened and heard. Society then leaps out of its evil into its good. In those golden moments there

> "gleams upon our sight,
> Thro' present wrong the Eternal Right."

Solitude is not, like Society, a good in itself. We retire into ourselves only that we may emerge again, and appear in Society with a quickening thought. Apart from Society, there is in Solitude no meaning. Although we see clearest and think our greatest thoughts in Solitude, our thoughts would be meaningless, and our vision vain, if we did not direct the energies of our nature, inspired by thought and vision, to the upbuilding of a noble Society. Nay, were it not for Society, there could be no human seeing and thinking. A person takes his city with him when he retires into his own privacy. The use of Solitude is not that men may get away from men, but that men may learn how to get to men. Solitude is valuable because it enables the individual to work out the problems of Society; because it teaches him how he may become a worthy citizen. He is a false teacher who proclaims that Solitude is a good in itself. A man is not by nature a monk; a woman is not by nature a nun. One does not need to spend his days and nights in a lonely cell, nor in the sandy desert, nor among the lonely hills. Cloistered virtue is not the sweetest. For very few men or women is the life of a recluse good, and rarely is it beautiful. He who retires from Society because he hates Man is worse than the meanest indi-

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vidual who, content with his lot, abides in Society. Life is sweet; life is good; life is beautiful. Only in and through Humanity may one live truly. To divorce oneself from Society is to make oneself incomplete. There is no good without brotherhood. The vision of a virtuous Solitude is the apothesis of an ideal Society. It is an outlook upon Society without blur or stain; upon a fraternity living and working together for the common good. And to receive the full benefit of Solitude, to secure the vision, it is not necessary to leave the crowded street. One has only to live in noble, masterful thought. Only in such Solitude may a self hear the low, sweet prelude to the Society of the future.

It is often said that all great souls have been born lonely, and loneliness, it must be admitted, has been a characteristic of all the tall spirits of the race. It is a sad truth. Many have been well-nigh friendless; some completely so. Some whose lonely burden seemed to them at times greater than they could bear have cried in anguish of heart for the companionship that was denied to them. And the pity of it all is that the persons who have been denied companionship, because of their finer sensibilities and nobler ways of thinking, were just the persons who would have been the truest friends. Think of Jesus in Gethsemane sweating great drops of blood in his agony, lonely, alone with his dream of the Kingdom of Heaven, and in his consciousness perceiving the spike-piercing cross just ahead of him! Think of Gautama, a prince by birth, leaving his palace, to become a beggar, that he might discover the law which should cure the sorrow of the world! Think of Spinoza, with the curse of his own people upon him, because he dared to be loyal to the truth as he saw it! Think of the men of genius in all ages, whose dreams of truth, of goodness, of beauty, caused doors to darken at their approach, and, in some instances, led them beyond all sheltering roofs, to find peace only in the grave!

Nevertheless, these individuals have not been quite friendless, even in their darkest hours; they have not been quite alone. In their dreams they saw fair men and fair women; fairer, indeed, than any that the earth knew; fairer, I fear, than any that the earth will see for a long time. But the poet sees in every man and woman something fairer than what is seen by the common

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eye. Even the best are better when a poet sees them. There is a London, a Paris, a New York, that has no existence outside of the idealist's dream, which yet is more real than the actuality, because it will be the acknowledged reality of the future, long after the present has faded, to use Professor Tyndall's famous simile, "like a streak of morning cloud into the infinite azure of the past." "In the world," said de Senancour, "a man lives in his own age, in Solitude in all the ages." Some compensation the men cut off from their fellows have had, although it is far from being a full, or adequate, compensation. These men have been destitute of that which sweetens the cup of life, and makes the bitterest drops less bitter. And it is quite possible that a prophet, if rejected too long, will grow sour and waste his energies in a fruitless Solitude. Emerson, who is often so wise, has said truly that "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in Solitude to live after our own, but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of Solitude." Yes, after all is said, one must find his Society in these creatures of flesh and blood. Even if the men and women of the dream-world be fairer, yet it is a dream world still, and, until it is realized, it can never be the soul-satisfying thing that a genuine friendship is.

Great is the man who, knowing the value of friendship, dares to be himself in every crisis, at whatever hazard. The masses will not think beyond the pressure of the hour's problem, but the genius is he who perceives the problems of the generations to come. There is no permanence in the realm of thought. The thoughts that appear to-day to be the most secure, the thoughts of religion, of morality, of government and education, shall eventually pass away like mist before the sun, or submit to modifications that will be almost equally destructive. There is nothing permanent, nothing stable, save the human soul, out of which comes all thought. Society is not composed of unchanging atoms. The individuals who compose Society are as changeable and fleeting as the winds. All things pass away. God after god, dynasty after dynasty, have risen and fallen, to give place to other gods and dynasties, whose reign shall be but for a day. But chance is not the secret of change. The world is a growth.

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Society is a growth. First comes the lower, then the higher, and next the higher still. More and more does Society become the incarnation of a noble purpose. I am not one of those who believe that progress is inevitable, in the sense of being produced by a blind evolutionary force; I am certain that a very large amount of devolution has now and again taken place, but the history of man to date has, upon the whole, been upward, and so it will, I believe, continue to be. As the world has grown, so will it continue to grow.

The Society of the past has been based very largely upon force. Not altogether, for no society could have endured for a month without a modicum of freedom, but for the most part it has been based on the insecure foundation of coercion. The religion, the morality, the governments of men have been maintained by the military and the police. Through generation after generation the cry has gone forth to men from the dictators of Society: "You must think what we tell you to think; you must feel as we tell you to feel; you must do what we tell you to do; and you must abstain from all that we forbid." More than once the deepest wisdom in the world has been crushed under the burden of these commands, enforced by ignorant and brutal hirelings. Nevertheless, out of the heart of Solitude have come great thoughts and mighty aspirations which Society was unable to kill, because within that Solitude the divinity of man was brooding, and keeping watch that no true value should everlastingly perish.

Slowly, but surely, a new spirit is coming into our world, a spirit that teaches us that physical force is no real force, after all; that the Niagara-torrent of the heart, the Nile-stream of the mind, cannot by any human agency be prevented from reaching their native ocean. More and more Society learns, as the meaning of love dawns upon the race, that government by physical force is fallacious; that love is the only cohesive force that will bind nations and individuals together. The thought of love, too, is modifying all our old notions of religion and morality. In the past both religion and morality dealt largely with the terrors of the law; a species of terrorism inimical to all sound morals and religion was inculcated. Gradually, however, the

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conservative mind is learning to perceive, what lonely prophets have known for generations, that religion and morality are the natural gestures of man's mind; that they are not commandments or prohibitions; and that no supernatural god, or earthly governor, is responsible for them, or required to enforce their mandates; that they are, indeed, the natural flowering of our highest faculties.

In the light of reason, the uselessness of attempting to bolster up that which is natural to man becomes clear. It was only the false elements in religion and morality that needed the coercive power of government to maintain them, and not until these false elements pass away shall the values of religion and morality be clearly seen. As knowledge grows, however, and love overcomes hate, the excrescences of religion and morality begin to disappear. To know the greatness of man, and to love man because he is divine—this is the only true religion; this is the only true morality. In the past Society has been mainly concerned with property rights. But love knows no property rights. Love says: "Let us sit down together, and share our good." Love knows no distinction between mine and thine. The only property which maketh men rich is a common holding in truth, beauty and goodness. There are universal spiritual properties more real than air or sunlight, and all of them are convertible into love. We do not see very clearly to-day the relations between these universal properties and real estate, or stocks and bonds, but it shall yet dawn upon Society, as it has dawned upon many a poet and prophet of the wilderness, when the secret of life, only to be learned through a valiant comradeship, is found, that no material possessions are as valuable as the possession of warm human hearts, and that, in order to possess these, we had better throw away our gold and silver, if they stand in our way. Society is destined to be an association of lovers, whose ardent wooing of all that is truly large in individuals shall put to shame all the amatory wooing of the present and the past. I fancy that there will be something amatory in the higher affection, although it will come from an amativeness that has been transfigured; for when persons truly love each other they do not strike the attitude

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of one about to plunge into a cold bath with the temperature at zero. Love must express itself in some fashion. And Whitman's poems, in the division of *Leaves of Grass* called *Calamus,* contain words which express literally, and not figuratively, the coming passion of man for man. Indeed to the "good gray poet," as we may truly believe, the terms of endearment employed were not hollow, but the echoes of sweet and blessed moods.

Love is a revealer, but it is not the only revealer, of life. There could even be too much love, if individuals were not gifted with intelligence. It is sometimes unwise to view things at close range. The azure-hued mountains of the distance are only jagged rocks when reached. And when one stands too near to Society, the azure-hued ideal of the spirit fades into the grayness of the mass. No matter to what heights evolution may take us, the habit of Solitude will always be required for the highest human welfare. The readjustments of Society can come only through the visions and meditations of the lonely thinkers. Society is always the word that man has spoken; Solitude is the word that man is speaking, or will speak. No matter how strong a man's love for his fellows may be, his love, to be clear-sighted, requires that he shall go away occasionally from its object, that he may commune alone with the Alone, and thus renew his strength. One does not love his friends with the right fervor, if they are always within the sweep of his daily vision. Most of the friction of married life comes from the partners seeing too much of each other. Silence is needed for our welfare as well as speech; Solitude as well as Society.

An article of the ancient creeds holds that dualism is a fact of the individual, cutting him in two. One of these divisions is called the natural man; the other is called the spiritual man. There is also supposed to be an inherent antipathy between the two. Not a few powerful minds have believed in this antagonism, and Paul made a religion out of it. That such a division exists I admit, but there is no reason why it should. The natural man and the spiritual man should embrace and kiss each other, and become one in the flesh and the spirit. The spiritual man, at bottom, is only the natural man in full-blown dignity of purpose, the natural man clothed with the cosmic vision. The doctrine

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that every individual who is born into the world must be born again is a psychological truth, but this psychological truth no more means that the natural man is to be put aside than entering a university means that the new university man is to put aside the knowledge acquired in the preparatory school, or the home. The two go naturally together. No man is spiritual who is not natural. The flesh is not despised by the person who has penetrated the mystery of the new birth; it has merely taken on a spiritual meaning; it has been transfigured. True, it must not be allowed to run riot, as perhaps it did in the older and more barbarous periods; it must now take on higher purposes. But every legitimate desire of the flesh is no less legitimate under the moral government of the spirit than it was in the day of anarchy. One must not fail to appreciate all that was genuine in the old-time appeal. The natural man sings:

> "If she be not fair to me,
> What care I how fair she be?"

The sentiment sounds selfish, and it may be selfish, but there is, even for the spiritual man, a certain logic to be found therein. If the flowers of the springtime did not bloom for us; if the trees did not murmur in the summer breeze, if the breath of the mountains and the sea did not bring its delicious coolness for us, then we might well say, What does it matter whether these things be or no, since they have no connection with our organs of sense? If it were possible for one to be born without the five senses, what would it matter to him if the spirits of the rest of us were thrilling with delight through contact with the glories of the earth? The fairness that is not for us, and which can never be for us, is a fairness which, so far as we are concerned, might as well never have existed. If one has never seen the light, the light simply does not exist for him. The so-called selfishness of the natural man is often nothing more than the commendable desire that the fairness of the world may be his, in order that he may appraise its fairness at its proper value, and not be a thing to fill him with melancholy thoughts that turn all existence into dust and ashes. The natural man makes a legitimate demand. The beautiful world does belong to him; it belongs to

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all of us. But the natural man makes the mistake, until his spiritual sight is opened, of attempting to enter violently and illegally into his possessions. He has never seen himself in his relation to his brethren. He has believed that the world belonged to him and to his family. In his selfishness, he has even called upon the Almighty, in the words of a rhyming caricature of the Calvinist's creed, to

> "Save me and my wife,
> My son Joe, and his wife,
> We four, and no more."

He has been spiritually blind, and his blindness has brought him nothing but pain. He may not enter into his inheritance until he perceives that he is but one member of a family to which every son and daughter of Adam belongs. When he perceives that all men and women and children are growing dear to him; when his outlook is no longer bounded by the family hearthstone; then, and not till then, is he able to make all things his own. By giving himself freely and unreservedly to all, all is given in turn to him. Then the fairness of the world becomes his spiritual possession, the glory of the world enters into his heart; he feels the genial influences of all things dwelling with him: the men, women and the children; the flower-spotted meadows; the swift-flowing streams; the placid lakes; the green fields; the venerable woods; the silence of the stars; the strength of the hills; the whisper of the wind; the strong voice of the sea. He is now at home in the great sky-spaces; the gods are his familiar companions; he communes with the mighty soul of nature.

Not in Society, but in Solitude, does the master learn his lessons. Nay, one may not be a master, until he has wrestled with himself in the lonely field of Solitude, as Jacob wrestled with the angel that dark night in the lonely valley. Let us be fair to Society, however. If in Solitude we learn to solve the lessons of life, it is Society that gives the problems to be solved, and is the inspiration that compels us to solve them. Society is the raw material of all problems. Even as God could not be, if man were not, neither could man be without Society. One may retire from the dust and sweat and roar of the city to cool his

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fevered brow in the cool air of the mountains and the lakes, but nature has an arctic temperature for the man who becomes a misanthrope. To him who has fought a good fight, and failed in the seeming, a kind heaven often peoples his solitude with angels and archangels, but the misanthrope shall find in Solitude only a whip of scorpions. No one can flee from himself, and when one would flee from human relationships the gate of peace is barred for evermore, unless he turns back to go where the voice of duty is calling. One may ascend the mountain and be transfigured, but the halo is quickly lost, if one does not return to the plain where his brethren are fighting the battle in which all should participate. There is grim satire in the lines on the parish priest of Austerlitz, written by the Rev. Reginald Heber Howe, that every anchorite should take to heart.

"The parish priest
Of Austerlitz
Climbed up in a high church steeple,
To be nearer God
So that he might hand
His word down to his people.

And in sermon script
He daily wrote
What he thought was sent from heaven,
And he dropped this down
On his people's heads,
Two times one day in seven.

In his age God said
'Come down and die,'
And he cried out from the steeple,
'Where art thou, Lord?'
And the Lord replied,
'Down here among my people.'"

The lovers of Solitude are those who hope to discover in their thinking and dreaming an ideal world. Dear, indeed, is the City of God to the soul whose heart loves justice and beauty, and longs with a mighty passion for the society in which all men and women are fair. The day is always poor and mean to the man of the larger vision. The deeper self grows sick

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with every day's report of sordidness and crime. The life around seems empty, a mere collection of struggling atoms, owning no law but the law of force, and in their labor seeking naught but selfish ends. From the turmoil of Society, the idealist would wend his way to the vale of Solitude, in which no sound of sorrow should come to mar his everlasting calm. But there is no such Solitude to be discovered. The city's roar is soon heard even on the mountains and by the shore of the sea. The ideal world must be found in Society or nowhere; in the bosom of Society the idealist must find his true Solitude, or none shall be found. Destroy the world which seems so ugly to the eyes of the idealist, and the ideal is also gone, for the ideal world is built of the atoms of the real world, and one may not survive if the other perishes.

Our age is preëminent to a degree over all other ages in its worship of outward nature. It is a worship that was not characteristic of the classical world, or of the mediæval. One may justly query whether the modern reverence is not overdone. Far be it from my purpose to utter a word against the beauty of the natural world. True, all is not tranquil and serene within it. Earthquake and tornado and volcanic eruption come to jar and jolt. The rattlesnake under the rock and the nightshade in the glen mar the pleasures of those who would find in nature only a sweet rapture of delightful fancy. But there is, nevertheless, a charm in the loneliness of the hills, or the sand rim of the sea; a charm that dwells everlastingly on the banks of a babbling brook. Yet let us beware lest we deceive ourselves. Nature has no meaning apart from man. She wears no singing robes, save to the listening ear. Were the individuals of the world more humane in their manifestations than they are, they, rather than nature, would be the cynosure of all eyes. Even as it is, one finds nature most charming when wedded to human interests. The Hudson is as beautiful as the Rhine, but on the Hudson there are no castles and watch-towers, such as have made the Rhine famous in song and story. No spot on earth is sacred soil, save those places where men have bravely toiled and nobly dreamed.

Solitude we may define as only a vision of the Society that is to be. Even now the Society of the future is slowly taking its

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shape, first in the minds of the dreamers, and later in the structure built of daily acts. Between the Society of to-day and the Children of Solitude there is an irreconcilable antagonism at many points; between ideal Society and rational Solitude there is none. Every thinker, every prophet, every poet, is an architect of the future. Aspiration is the cornerstone of the ideal city of our dreams. In the best sense of a much-abused word, religion is the cord which connects the pearls of our thought, for religion in essence is love to God—truth, beauty, goodness—and love to man, who is the incarnation of God from generation to generation.

As the centuries roll on the conviction grows in human minds that all things work together for good to those who love the ideal. It is by no means certain that there is an omnipotence either within or without the visible universe; an omnipotence, that is, which can do any conceivable thing, in any conceivable way. But the Holy Spirit, whose other name is Humanity, is, for every rational purpose, omnipotent whenever the vision is clear. Without God, or the Divine Ideal, we are but dust; in the ideal we are all-powerful to build the city of our dreams. As individuals, we may be conscious factors in the work of fulfilling the ideal; but whether we are conscious, or are not conscious; whether we aim to build, or aim to destroy; whether we strive to help, or strive to hinder, there is an ideal in the world which alone is incapable of permanent defeat, an ideal which will be found gleaming wheresoever the human light dwelleth. The ideal in man is the thinker, the dreamer, the prophet, the poet, the artist, the creator of the eternal values of life. Its avatars are the individuals who receive these glorious names. Out of the heart of Solitude they have proclaimed the dawn; they have read the stars of destiny; they have bathed in the all-embracing spirit of the ineffable. As the Children of the Light, they have done whatsoever their hands found to do, and through their labors Society grows slowly into the living reality of their consecrated vision; and so long as the light continues to shine, and their strength fails not, they will labor to create a Society in which truth, beauty and goodness shall reign supreme over all and in all.

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THANKSGIVING FOR OUR TASK

SHAEMAS OSHEEL

THE sickle is dulled of the reaping and the threshing-floor
is bare;
The dust of night's in the air.
The peace of the weary is ours:
All day we have taken the fruit and the grain and the seeds of the
flowers.

The ev'ning is chill,
It is good now to gather in peace by the flames of the fire.
We have done now the deed that we did for our need and desire:
We have wrought our will.

And now for the boon of abundance and golden increase,
And immurèd peace,
Shall we thank our God?
Bethink us, amid His indulgence, His terrible rod?

Shall we be as the maple and oak,
Strew the earth with our gold, giving only bare boughs to the
sky?
Nay, the pine stayeth green while the Winter growls sullenly by,
And doth not revoke

For soft days or stern days the pledge of its constancy.
Shall we not be
Also the same through all days,
Giving thanks when the battle breaks on us, in toil giving praise?

O Father who saw at the dawn,
That the folly of Pride would be the lush weed of our sin,
There is better than that in our hearts, O enter therein,
A light burneth, though wan

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And weak be the flame, yet it gloweth, our Humility!
Ah, how can it be
Trimmed o' the wick,
And replenished with oil to burn brightly and golden and quick?

For deep in our hearts
We wish to be thankful through lean years and fat without change,
Knowing that here Thou hast set for the spirit a range:
We would play well our parts,

Making America throb with the building of souls and the glory of good;
Yea, and we would,
And before the last Autumn we will
Build a temple from ocean to ocean where deeds never still

Melodiously shall proclaim
Thanksgiving forever that Thou hast set here to our hand
So wondrous a mystical harvest, that Thou dost demand
Sheaves bound in Thy name,

Yea, supersubstantial sheaves of strong souls that have grown
Fain to be known
As the corn of Thine occident field:
O Yielder of All, can America worthily thank Thee till such be her yield?

In the mellowing light
Of the goldenest days that precede the gray days of the year,
We sing Thee our harvesting song and we pray Thee to hear,
In the midst of Thy might:

Labor is given to us,
Let us give thanks!
Power worketh through us,
Let us give thanks!

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Not for what we have
(So might speak a slave),
Not for the garnering
Gratefully we sing,
But for the mighty thing
We must do, travailing!
For our task and for our strength;
For the journey and its length;
For our dauntless eagerness;
For our humbling weariness;
For these, for these, O Father,
  Let us give thanks!
For these, O Mighty Father,
  Take Thou our thanks!

PONT ROYAL

Joseph Warren Beach

STILL dripped the sycamores along the quays,
And the whole sky was black save where, above
The long black bulk of the Louvre, smouldered and glowed
The nightly reflex of the Boulevards.
The river flowed more dark for the bordering lights
Doubled and twisted in its troubled deeps;
And everywhere along the quays, and across
The span of the bridges, silent and darkly massed,
The people of Paris watched their spectacle.

High o'er the crouching mass of the Island-City
The blank sky blossoms into flowers of fire,
Trailing across the darkness like a trellis,—
Ragged chrysanthemums of heartening gold
With twisting petals that stretch to the limit of vision,
And tenuous violet sprays of wistaria, swaying,
Drooping and vanishing in the glooms of the City.

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Ever the flowers of the sky to earth are falling,
Drifting back like flaming leaves of the autumn,
And piling up in the lap of the olden City
Till its dusky features glow with reflected light.

Yonder the battlements of the ancient prison
Brighten a moment, and sink upon deeper gloom.
Now plays the light round the delicate spire of the Chapel.
And the murky, age-worn towers of Notre Dame
Like mouldering granite cliffs by a stormy ocean
Stand out in the raining spray of gold and silver,
With base submerged in the bottomless deeps of shadow.
Up from the bed of the river a fiery fountain
Ceaselessly plays from under the roots of the bridges,
And dark the massive arches loom, and speak
Of the age-long, tireless feet of eager pilgrims.
Now off to the right round the dome of the temple of Wisdom
Hovers the flattering light, for a heavenly nimbus
To the laurelled peerage whose unresting spirits
Are lightnings in the gulfs of human blindness.

And thus across the blank face of the sky
Was Paris writing out her latest credo,
The vision of her thinkers and her dreamers,
For whom the course of the world through cycles of ages,
The blooming and drooping of life on the stems of the planets,
Are imaged as play of a jubilant fount unceasing,
Playful fountain of light ever rising and falling,
With bursts and trails of vivid and joyous splendor,
Across the blank and speechless face of the night.

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IMPRESSIONISM TO SYNCHROMISM

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

MANY men took part in the doing to death of that sterile and vitiating period of Raphaelic influence which had for leaders such men as Ingres and David. Strange enough the first revolutionary dynamite was planted by an Englishman who exposed at the Paris Salon in 1826. It was not a high explosive, but it stirred up the first general discontent in France. The man was Constable; and to him can be directly traced the revolt against the stereotyped color rules for the painting of flesh and landscape. Cericault was the first man of any note to react. Then followed Delacroix—with Constable's help and advice. He proclaimed vigorous war against the idealist school then sedulously struggling to revive the gracious drawing and more gracious sentiments of the Renaissance. Though associated with the Venetians as to technical means, he added to these means a desire for a freer realism. Before long he developed a sense of color separation. He noted color oppositions in light and shadow. Delacroix was the authentic father of the Impressionist school, the prime scuttler of the art ships of his day. He was the force, both intellectual and artistic, that set in motion the battered ellipsoid of modern art. He in turn was followed by Courbet and Manet. Both resurrected styles of painting, the Dutch and Spanish, dead for many years. (Delacroix himself had revived the corpses of the Venetians.) In these later men, however, was a psychic capacity for change unknown to Delacroix. It took the form of a complete disregard for classic forms and formulas. Courbet's *Enterrement* fell like a bomb on the artistic world of his day. Had artistic heresy been punishable by burning, he would have been reduced to ashes forthwith. This powerful picture, with its rugged straight-planted peasants chiselled out by broad brush strokes of brown and black, was a cataclysmic blow to those chlorotic persons accustomed to the pink flesh and wine-colored Greek draperies of the school in power. This picture gave the *coup de grâce* to the

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classic revival. It attested to Courbet's consanguinity with Rembrandt.

Delacroix regarded Tintoretto as his master, but Courbet acknowledged no master. There were no finite limits to his ambitions. Manet, immensely overestimated, emulated but did not approach the greatness of the Spaniards. His one talent was for texture. Outside of this he had little to recommend him save a superficial cleverness with heavy *pâte,* together with a series of anæmic grays. His fabrics and his flesh seduce the untrained eye by their intimacy of feeling. They appealed strongly to the people of his day; at that time Renoir was unknown. The art followers were used to draperies that looked like maidens' flesh, and to flesh that had the texture of silk. As for any true feeling of form in detail or a vision of total organization—viz., composition in the significant sense of the word—he was entirely lacking. Daumier, less known, was by far the greater artist. He had in some degree this vision of totality. He was intelligently inspired by what was great in Goya; Manet saw only silhouettes of black on light gray or blue.

As great or as small as these artists may be intrinsically, they at least were the men who touched off the powder of what it tickled Ingres to call artistic anarchy. Thus was borne far and wide the enthusiasm for a direct and complete realism in treatment as well as in subject. This reaction in subject, though it seems to us now a superficial preoccupation, was a vital change in the mental attitude of the painters. The results obtained by them through this attitude were undeniably paltry, but it turned their minds from Biblical tales and Greek legends to modern life. It forced upon them the realization that the canvases of the greatest masters of the Renaissance had not expressed the nineteenth century. Also it made their contemporaries realize that *new subjects required new means.* These men, by their reaction, made it possible for their followers to achieve.

Courbet and Manet, however, were merely resurrectors and reactionaries. They reacted against their immediate predecessors in favor of their far-off predecessors. But with them the subject began to change. Classic tricks went by the board. They painted nude women without calling them "Ariadne" or

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"Venus"; even half-dressed women and prostitutes, putting naked figures in the same picture with fully dressed ones. Even so, their problems were the old ones of the schools of all times. The real problems were ushered in by those Impressionists who took the scoffs of the French public in the early eighties at the Salon des Réfusés, well known to Americans because of the picture there by their national hero, Whistler, a racy prose writer. They marked a new departure in the making of a picture. They threw all the old criterions overboard. Thus it came about: instead of carefully drawing by contour and then coloring or tinting the drawing in an attenuated imitation of nature like the Italians, and instead of modelling with large and direct brush strokes as did Hals and Velasquez, they applied masses of color to their canvases. As a result of the relation established between these masses of colors form was produced. The objects, unsought, appeared as if by magic. By placing side by side colors seen in the objects before them, they arrived at constructing a picture which, though without any visible outlines dividing object from object and far from near, gave a more truthful representation of nature than had any other method.

Most people think that anyone who paints with small spots like confetti is an Impressionist. Nothing is further from the truth. Impressionism did, to a certain extent, manifest itself in technical idiosyncrasies. But they were only of secondary consideration. Color juxtaposition was the main issue. Color had always been used merely for dramatic reinforcement or for decorative effects. These new men opened the eyes of all serious-minded artists to an entirely new conception in the making of a painting. The struggle to carry on this idea has been the history of painting for the last thirty years.

I will not go into their methods. Everyone has read at least one of the many expositions of their scientific origin. Suffice it to say that their origin was only feebly scientific; the application of their methods not at all. The legends regarding systems of complementaries are as so much wind. One can walk by a mile of Monets and Pissarros and Sisleys without seeing a red and green or a blue and orange which make gray. They simply made use of a reduced palette of pure vermilion, blue, yellow and some

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earth colors—in fact, those colors which they thought approached the solar spectrum. These, with the *minimum of mixing* and a *close copying of nature,* resulted in a brilliant and truthful effect. As a consequence, everyone to-day recognizes shadows as cold and lights as warm. This is their important legacy to painting. Let us for all time forget the fallacy that they were scientists. They themselves repudiated this implication, saying that they painted *comme l'oiseau chante.*

Primarily, Impressionism is a school of landscape painting. We cannot think of Impressionism without unconsciously linking it to the Barbizon School. When Corot, Rousseau and Millet quit the cold gray-walled studio with its Paris-born Italian model in order to get in closer touch with nature, they gave birth to landscape painting, that supreme preoccupation of the amateur. In the early mornings on the white roads that twist through the woods of Fontainebleau, these talented and, let it be noted, overestimated painters, really foreshadowed the later school of Impressionism. Both schools dealt in landscape. The first carefully imitated the tone; the second carefully imitated the color.

Monet, the most popular and least significant of the Impressionists, carried pure imitation to its highest point. The number of his paintings has created the false impression that he is the protagonist of the movement. The truth is he is merely super-prolific. He belongs to that category of artists who, once having their method, are fixed for life, bothering little about more troublesome qualities. In this respect he classes with Zola, the novelist, and with Rodin, the sculptor. Clever he is, and possessed of a great facility; but he lacks the power to create and organize new emotional forms. He is capable only of moving to surprise and delight those who demand illustration in art. He is the idol of people with a middle-class respect for technique and science in methods. What is more essentially insignificant and pretty than his *Water Lilies,* large hazy canvases filled with a blue sky-reflection on water, a few dabs of purple and green for flowers? Or his Thames River scenes? Or *Cathedrals?* or *Haystacks?*

Pissarro, known little by name and less by his work, was the authentic Jack Sheppard of the movement. He was an artist of

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slight but genuine genius. He constituted the real force behind these new and radical discoveries. To him the rest referred for advice and encouragement. They recognized in him a man of keen critical intelligence, of unbiased analytic judgment. His work will be appreciated long after the " great " Monet has been buried deep in the dust of forgotten things.

Renoir, however, was the great man of this school, and one of the half dozen great artists of all time. He ranks with Rubens, Rembrandt, El Greco, Giotto and Giorgione. He is the culminating point of the whole movement. With him comes to an end one of the distinct epochs in the history of painting, just as Beethoven was the culminating point of the conceptions of classic music. It took Renoir to complete the work begun by Manet and Courbet—not the Renoir of the *Moulin de la Galette* in the Luxembourg, but the Renoir of those later canvases exposed at Bernheim's last spring. His earlier work possesses a general vision of ensemble, delicacy and rareness in form and color, seductive light and air, and charming details. But his later work contains a profoundly *felt* but not *seen* power of a full and mighty comprehension of what is the basis of a work of art. In Renoir, the Impressionistic vision, that form of realism based on chromatic light sensations, is highly realized. And at the same time Renoir had one of the most penetrating and powerful pictorial visions ever known. Despite his sheer " cleverness " and his illustrative tendency toward popular subjects, there is in his work, especially that of the last ten years, a tremendous emotional power which only the trained artist can appreciate. He is as great as Rubens, and has a greater plastic pictorial vision, rendered possible by modern processes. After Renoir a new tendency crept slowly into painting. To-day it dominates the efforts of all vigorous artists.

Here one must speak of Cézanne. Much has been written of this old eccentric Provençal, of his lonely and laborious existence from the age of 40 to his death at 68, of his rising at six in the morning to go to his studio or to his fields, of his son cutting up his finished works for puzzle pictures, and of his uncontrolled admiration for many mediocre and popular painters because of their cleverness. He walked in the midst of a new and undiscov-

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ered country, envying those who walked safely and easily on the well-beaten highways of settled and ancient civilizations. He yearned for cleverness and facility, but had he attained this desire, it would have neutralized those very qualities through which he is destined to remain one of the really great figures in painting. Influenced first by Courbet and Manet, he gradually shook off the weight of their works. Later he became a worshipper of El Greco's rhythm. Then he fell in with Pissarro, who, he swore to his dying day, taught him all he knew of color. He was fascinated by the discoveries of the Impressionists, but realized their narrowness of direction and their inability to create anything that constituted a vital work of art. He knew that too much enthusiasm for a *procédé* was fatal. His need for style resulted in his turning his eyes to the old masters, principally El Greco and Poussin.

Cézanne might be called an old master Impressionist. He bridged the nineteenth century to the Renaissance. Yet he always remained an archaic, or, as he himself put it, "the primitive of the way he had opened." Assuredly he was a primitive; but who does not prefer the mighty Giotto to the clever Velasquez or to the empty and pompous Veronese? He posed the question of æsthetic beauty itself. He abandoned the illustrative obstacle. He explored deeper emotional regions. Seldom did he sign his pictures; never did he give them a name. Among his greatest oil works are his portraits of himself (like Rembrandt he did repeated heads of himself) and his genre pictures of peasants playing cards. These are in the Pellerin collection and Vollard's shop in the rue Lafitte. But he reached his greatest height in his water colors, several excellent specimens belonging to the American, Leo Stein, and to Bernheim-Jeune, in the Avenue de l'Opéra. His figure compositions, often very small, are to be ranked with the greatest in existence.

Cézanne was destined to have an immense influence on all the art up to our day. Had he been understood this would have been a salutary thing for those floundering about in artistic speculation. But, like the influence of most great men, his was deplorable. His acolytes saw only wherein he differed from his immediate predecessors. They hurriedly gulped the strange ele-

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ments in his art, entirely failing to grasp the totality of his genius. To name the men who are and have been his disciples it would be necessary to compile a dictionary of modern painters. He has become a fetich. His letters have been learned by heart. In his every word, his followers sense a mysterious meaning. One of his sentences serves as an adequate basis for the founding of a new school. At the bottom of it all, however, lay a healthy discontent with the old and hackneyed forms. It was the beginning of a renaissance of youth in painting. A clean score was wanted to begin on. It all pointed out to a gaping and dumfounded world that the Flemish primitives and Rembrandt, Mantegna and Raphael, Titian and Velasquez, while no doubt excellent painters, were *no longer relative* to the twentieth century.

Two other men often placed with the Impressionists are Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec, illustrators of a very high order. The unexpectedness, the *imprévu,* of their composition conveys the characteristics of a scene to our mind in an ineradicable way. Degas (influenced by the Japanese) is often called a draughtsman of exceptional ability. But in fact he is an intelligent copyist, capable of constructing a solid human body. His is not, however, significant drawing. Real imagination and creative ability are two qualities he sadly lacks. Toulouse-Lautrec was even cleverer as a caricaturist. He was a diabolically keen observer of the expressions of the human face. In a literary way he penetrated very close to "life." His work might serve as a sermon on the sinister happenings in Paris between midnight and seven A. M. After these men there was no one to bear onward the Impressionist torch; and its light, at one time powerful enough to blind the Academicians, began to flicker.

After the Impressionists, another school of painting was not long in springing up. This school misconstrued the simple means of the Impressionists. It made of their procedure a spectacle so horrible that never in the history of art has anything even remotely approaching their failure been witnessed. This is the Pointillist group of Signac, Cross, Luce, Seurat, etc. True, Seurat was sensitive and highly talented, but his premature death leaves his future suppositional. The rest of the Pointillist disciples (and Signac especially) have given us some of the worst

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color that canvas was ever called upon to absorb. They saw nothing in their predecessors but a scientific method, and essayed to advance the cause of science. But they failed to produce one passable canvas. Despite their many pamphlets and books, such as *D'Eugène Delacroix au Néo-Impressionism,* published by Signac, few artists have been seduced by their paralogy and pseudo-science. They will eternally serve as a horrible example of the scientific theory in art.

Next, the Symbolist Gauguin, of Paris, Pouldu, Pont Aven, Tahiti . . . . Gauguin, the exotic, the poet, the clever prose writer, the poseur and (to be just) the slight artist, felt the nausea of great cities and wandered far, even to the South Seas, in search of the primitive and the strange. The diary of his life is not without genuine fascination. It should be on the shelf alongside of Benvenuto Cellini, a kindred spirit. Even in his paintings he often succeeds in making us feel the fascination of the exotic. What could be more seductive than his queerly drawn, synthetic Tahitians, lolling on the yellow-sanded beaches of tropical palm-strewn shores, in strange Oriental attitudes? A call, indeed, to indolent sensual existence. "Give him walls!" his critics cried. But better had they cried for large margins in vellum books. He would have done exquisite illuminating, surpassing that of the Middle Ages. Exotic fancy, strangeness and a decorative richness are his stock in trade. What he lacked was imagination in the plastic sense. He was essentially a poet and image maker.

More Symbolists! Maurice Denis lacks all that renders Gauguin interesting. He is affected, weak in harmony, form, composition and even common balance. He is not worth serious consideration except as one of the characters in the group. He constantly predicts another classic revival, and does religious decoration in hard raw colors. He is in the same class with Maillol, the sculptor, and is a greatly revered painter of the bourgeois France of to-day. Then we have Bernard, a prolific and facile imitator of any man who inflames him for the moment; and Laval, De Hahn, Filiger, Seguin, Sérusier, Moret, Roy and R. X. Roussel. Most of these are but names already. How long before the rest go likewise? Redon is having a revival.

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He was a flower painter of exquisite daintiness and butterfly lightness of touch, who tried to squirt the "perfume of the infinite" over his plants.

Van Gogh, the Hollander, who emigrated to Arles in southern France, by way of the Belgian coal mines, is alone in his class. Born syphilitic, a subject for psychiatry, he was possessed of an intense enthusiasm for painting. He took what the Pointillists had to give, elongated their spots into macaroni-like lines, and gave himself up to painting demented people with jagged limbs and hungry faces. Hence his reputation for strength and feeling. But the enthusiasm for him is past. The crazy Dutchman is buried for all time.

It must not be thought that these movements were linked together and ran into one another in such a convenient and obliging manner as I have made them appear. To the contrary, they overlap each other in a disconcerting way. Renoir is doing his best work to-day. Gauguin, dead these eight years, came into art several movements afterward.

At Druet's gallery in the rue Royale we see groups of third and fourth rate painters. We will merely name a few before going on to the one painter who is responsible for them: Manguin, who bases his art, logic and color on Matisse; Friesz, the hardy young devil-may-care apostle of Cézanne, who talks loudly of Poussin, but only, I opine, to hide his discipleship to the greater master of Aix; Guérin, the Gibson of modern paintings, who strives to imitate tapestries; Desvalliers, Sérusier, Laprade and Marquet. There are others; but let us pass them and come at once to the man who has shaken to the foundations the habits of modern painting. This man is Matisse. He first painted Chardinesque still lifes, but finally gave free bent to his talent, and, in becoming the great "Fauve," pushed exaggeration to the ultimate limits. Back of it all, however, was real imagination. While lacking a sense of rhythm, he has a tremendous feeling of form in the static sense and a genius for color opposition which, while rare and delicate, is to the bourgeois shocking and savage. (All harmony to the untutored mind must be dark gray and black with but slight tone contrast.) Matisse at one time was under the influence of negro sculpture, Persian

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stuffs and enamels. But this was merely by way of stimulation to one who could no longer react to the old and well-known classic art. He is not to be associated with the "quasi-primitives" (emulators of early Italians) who push to exaggeration the academic principles of the Beaux Arts, and take glory as "back-to-the-naïve-stage" painters—the Zacks and the Rousseaux.

Another group—and a free lance—should be mentioned here. The group, headed by Vuillard and Bonnard, calls itself Intimists. They do mostly interiors of warm grays. The free lance is Valloton, a painter of modern nudes in dry style. These men are mediocrities, fat with the argot of their craft, wooing the ear with transcendental wind-music, flabbergasting the crowds with second-hand art terms. They sensed the change in the trend in modern art. Seeing that they were becoming rooted to academic ground, they made a compromise between their consciences and the bourgeoisie. While still doing work basically academic, they seek to change its aspects by putting on pure color, nine times out of ten worse than their former unified grays. Many of them are becoming rich, and most of them have long contracts with Druet, that tickler of the ignorant. They are the hangers-on, the roustabouts and camp followers of art.

On into muddier waters! A good criticism of Cubism is to be found in the Futurist manifest. They have a desire to freeze everything where it stands, a craze for the static and the solid, for the immovable and the geometric. Picasso is its bona fide originator. He is an artist of undoubted *illustrative* power, in the best sense of the word. What is more, he has a plastic imagination, though this is definitely limited. He has given us some valuable and interesting canvases of cabaret scenes and circus folk. But possessing exceptional ability and being able to attain a quick mastery of every form of work he adopted, he ran into abstraction through sheer ennui. Furthermore, he is Andalusian; he has a desire, highly developed, to astonish the crowd. The result is to be seen in the little gallery back of the Madeleine, which he and several others finance, it is whispered, for the furtherance of—*their* art. His running amuck started by a phrase from one of Cézanne's letters to Emile Bernard in 1904:

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"Permettez-moi de vous répéter ce que je vous disais ici: traiter la nature par le cylindre, la sphère, le cône, le tout mis en perspective, soit que chaque côté d'un object, d'un plan, se dirige vers un point central."

Since then his cubic trees and cylindrical rocks have not been slow in coming. His latest canvases are those of an amateur metaphysician on the loose. I remember a canvas covered by little cabalistic signs, tiny lines and pretty angles, fragments of printed words, and other such claptrap—all intended to obfuscate the understanding. But it is scarcely mysterious. He has a large following—Metzinger, Bracq, De la Fresnay, Le Fauconnier, de Segonzac, Gleizes, Picabia, Duchamps, all of the same kidney, but less daring and interesting.

Prettiness is the natural quality of small talents. Whether these talents be employed in pleasing, shocking or astonishing the crowd by using pale rose, green and light blue, pure reds and yellow, or black and brown, they amount to the same in the end. The nice lines and angles and myriad black and white gradations of the Cubists are as essentially pretty and superficial as the copying of landscape in misty pinks and whites. The greatest men have no schools, being too personal, too self-absorbed to reach others. Such men as Michael Angelo, Giotto, Giorgione, El Greco, Cézanne, Renoir and Matisse have at most an influence after they are dead. But this influence is rarely intelligent. Witness the schools formed on their repute—the groups of Druets, Bernheims, or Kahnweilers. They are the outcasts in the house of art.

Even Futurism was but a passing noise, which owed much of its fury to the flying machine craze and auto speeding. It burst on the Paris world like a lion and departed like a lamb. The reason is simple. The Futurists adopted a theory, neglected by some others, and overlooked producing of results. Their æsthetic platform counted for little inasmuch as they were unable to prove their theories. They screamed for dynamism, for the mobile and vibratory, but succeeded only in giving us a disordered display of lines and colors. Had they gone to their illustrious countryman, Michael Angelo, he could have taught them much. He, above all, was the man who understood the

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emotion of movement. He produced this emotion by working up friction until the desired result comes as a necessary relief. In his marbles, the sense of life seems to spurt out of the great masses of matter. This spurting emotion is communicated to us with cyclopean power. *We feel it and experience it.* But suppress those massive volumes, those exaggerations of sheer matter, and the movement leaves; the rhythm goes dead. In a Strauss score an ordinary perfect major chord bursts out and intoxicates us with its seeming beauty; whereas a Gounod or a Massenet dins consonant chords into our ears by the hour until we plead for a discord. In the first instance the major chord becomes so intensely desired, that when it does come it is haunting. In the second case, satiety prevents enjoyment. So with Boccioni, Severini and the rest. Their emotional result does not arrive for the reason that they are unable to excite a desire for it.

At the Independent Salon last spring, Paris was treated to what, at first sight, seemed a new movement. It aimed at harmony in color and form (all art does, for that matter), but, unlike Futurism, it failed to have even a theory. It called itself Orphism. Superficially it presented a new aspect. On closer inspection, however, it became evident that it owed its brummagem originality to the fact that the market had been flooded with the black and brown Cubist productions for so long that the reappearance of canvases with a little ultramarine, vermilion and pale green was a novelty. But the results of Orphism are little more than those of Impressionism enlarged and attenuated. Its sponsor, Delaunnay, is an artist of moderate talent; but his immense canvases give off a distinct feeling that the intrinsic elements of the work are diluted. His work, far from being new, may be justly classified under the French painting tradition which comprises Fragonard, Pater, Boucher and Largillière. Outside of him Orphism can boast only of the regular horde of disciples; Hondurans, Métèques, Hungarians and Americans.

This brings us to the latest phase of this chaotic and polyglot age of painting—Synchromism, sired by two Americans, S. Macdonald-Wright and Morgan Russell, which seems destined to have the most far-reaching effects of any art force since Cézanne. Radical, like the others, it is more specific in the *practi-*

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cal solution it offers for those problems which have been pending for years. It directs into a definite channel certain technical efforts which have proved futile since the early eighties. Far from being a mere theory founded on metaphysics, it presents the outward signs of an inner and radical transformation in art.

Synchromism attacks more specifically the problems only posed by the Impressionists and Cézanne. After the death of the old Aixois, these problems were relegated to the cupboard of unsolvable things. For thirty years the vital problem of expressing complex emotions in an art of color has been put in moth balls, while painters have hot-footed it after abstractions and problems entirely disconnected from painting. To repeat, color up to now has been used merely as a dramatic or decorative reinforcement of drawing. Synchromism condemns all such use of paint. Instead, it has made color a significant and functional element in painting. An obvious solution, you will say. But to have accomplished it a profound vision of color has been necessary. The Synchromists claim to have discovered the secrets of color, just as the fifteenth century Florentines sensed the meaning of form. For the Synchromist, each color has a separate and distinct meaning of its own as form and light. All of which sounds like obscure scientific theory. But the vital point is, their discoveries have taken the form of æsthetic creation. Their mastery over color is something heretofore unattained. They make it express emotions which have never been felt till the present day. Cézanne claims to have sensed it vaguely, but died complaining that he would never grasp and realize it. In a catalogue the Synchromists say: "Just as a significant drawing done with a few lines and accented curves conveys a complete sensation of form, so a few color masses can, by their intrinsic sympathy with a given volume under certain luminous and spatial conditions, arouse in the spectator the entire experience of the complex reality dealt with." (Is it not indeed true that a few lines of Michael Angelo are worth a mile of nudes from the school of David?) Synchromism has realized that a certain color has a distinct emotional relation to a form in a certain depth of space or in a certain degree of light.

So much for the objective or technical side of their art. It

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corresponds in music to the composer's ability to write pieces to express all moods from grave to gay in gamuts and with rhythms separately relative to these moods. Transpose the so-called Moonlight Sonata in C#-minor to the key of C-major, the metronomic speed to be the same as in the "hymn to joy" theme of the Ninth Symphony. Both rhythm and sentiment then rebel against each other. Rewrite *Paradise Lost* in the staccato metre of Poe's *Bells,* and you will have a result in poetry which corresponds to the results obtained frequently in the paintings of even the greatest artists. Painters have begun to realize that pasting a certain color on no matter what form does not work. There is a conflict at once. Both color and form go on strike and spoil the unity of the canvas. But when the color is changed to one sympathetic with this form, both become well behaved and stay where they should. No doubt Synchromism was born as a result of pigeon-holing such observations as these.

The Synchromists' influence is beginning to be felt in Paris, Delaunnay having been wooed even to the name, Synchromism. And in America we recently saw feeble imitations of it at the MacDowell Club.

Their fundamental idea is to express all inherent qualities of painting by color. Thus painting is raised to the æsthetic purity necessary to produce certain ecstasies heretofore experienced only in music. Synchromism has introduced orchestration into painting. By so doing, it will surely bring about changes so radical as to make practically a new art. In fact, this is their claim. Furthermore, they hold their art superior to music because it is more intimately attached to reality. Unlike Impressionism, Synchromism can never be taught in the schools. Carried to its height, it requires a creative imagination more powerful and more highly developed than that of the musical composer. Though essentially human in appeal, it reduces the silly transcribing of objects and subjects to an unimportant minimum. With it, painting becomes almost entirely subjective and wholly creative, but retains at the same time that requisite leaven of the "real" to keep it from the fatal wallows of abstraction.

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JUDAISM IN AMERICA

RABBI JOSEPH S. KORNFELD

"WE are at the beginning of the end." Thus declares Israel Zangwill in his address entitled "Territorialism as Practical Politics." "America," he says, "is the land of refuge, but it is also the melting pot. No people in history has been able to live unmelted in the bosom of a bigger people, except when safeguarded by a separate religion. And the religion of American Jewry is not strong and separate enough to save the Jew from absorption."

According to this brilliant English writer, if America were not a solvent of Judaism, it might be a most satisfactory solution of the Jewish problem; since, if only for reasons of self-interest, America will never close her doors to the desirable immigrant. But, as it is, a new and still unsettled territory must speedily be acquired, not so much to insure a place of safety to the persecuted Jew, as to secure a sure dwelling for precarious Judaism. In brief, Judaism in America compels the conclusion: Itoism or no Judaism.

In the face of these alternatives, who, that is not utterly indifferent to the doom or destiny of the religion of Israel, would evade the responsibility that clearly rests upon him? Manifestly it is the duty of the American Jew to investigate the conditions of Judaism in America, and, upon finding them as dismal as Zangwill describes them, change them. Should this, however, be impossible, then, for the preservation of Judaism, he ought either himself to go to Itoland, or, at least, emulate the example of those who, preferring to drink the waters of Babylon, nevertheless escorted the patriots on their way back to Jerusalem, loading them with gifts and invoking on them God's blessing.

What, then, are the conditions of Judaism in America? As set forth by Zangwill, they are as follows: "Thousands of the rising generation have never seen phylacteries, or carried a palm branch, or sat in a tabernacle. . . . The bulk of American Jewry know more of Christian Science than of the Talmud or even the

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Mosaic Code"—a statement hardly borne out by the evidence, for the fact that some Jews are Christian Scientists is the best proof that they do not know anything about it. As seen by our English critic, there is very little, if any, difference between the Church and the Temple. "In the Church I am told to be good. In the Temple I am told to be good. In the Church the organ is playing. In the Temple the organ is playing. In the Church Christian choir-girls are singing. In the Temple Christian choir-girls are singing." This, together with the fact that the "Jewish rabbi" preaches that Jesus was a great Hebrew prophet, and the "Episcopalian rabbi" with equal liberality assures his hearers that stress is no longer laid on the Immaculate Conception, is, in the words of Zangwill, "*an instructive* answer given by the emigrant to the reproach that he had joined an Episcopalian congregation." The upshot of it all is that Judaism has ceased to be separate, and, having lost its separateness, its strength is gone.

Evidently Zangwill believes that the law of the Survival of the Fittest admits of, at least, one exception. Or is it possible that in religion separateness and superiority are identical? Surely this is not the biological theory of religion held by the author of *The Next Religion!* To quote Stewart Means, "the highest revelation, the truest religion, comes through the struggle for existence and stands as the highest because it survives and proves through life and history its *working value* and *spiritual worth.*" No religion has survived nor will survive simply because it is separate. Equally inconceivable is it that Zangwill should regard the particular separateness whose rapid disappearance from Judaism in America fills him with such despair as the *sine quâ non* of Judaism. In answer to the question "Lord, who shall sojourn in thy tabernacle, and who shall dwell in thy holy hill?", not a word is said about seeing phylacteries or carrying palm branches, or sitting in a tabernacle. Can it be that the Psalmist, too, was a decadent Jew, that already, twenty-five hundred years ago, we were "at the beginning of the end"? As a practical politician, Zangwill would hardly intimate such a possibility, for that would, indeed, be poor politics; as we might be led to conclude that an end so long in coming is rather endless

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and there is no need of hurrying to acquire Itoland to avert a catastrophe so remote.

In order to estimate aright Judaism in America, or, to be more precise, our reform Judaism,—for that is really what Zangwill has in mind,—one ought first to make sure that he has a clear conception of what Judaism is. Whatever else it may connote, essentially Judaism in practice is a social programme, while Judaism in principle is a social ideal. "The Lord of Hosts is exalted in justice and the Holy One is sanctified in righteousness." * "Zion will be saved through justice and they that return of her through righteousness." † To be God's missionary, Israel must be the living exponent of that ideal justice which should obtain among all men and nations to the end that the kingdom of heaven be established on earth. Judaism rests its claim to universality on the fact that justice—the supreme attribute of God and the imperishable need of man—is the very essence of its being. Beside it, everything else is trivial. Unlike Protestantism, which, according to Troeltsch, is "in the first place a religious force, and only in the second or third place a civilizing force in the narrower sense," Judaism is fundamentally a civilizing force. When it ceases to be a civilizing force, it becomes a religious farce. When, therefore, Isaiah appeals, it is for universal justice, and when he dreams, it is of universal peace. When Jeremiah laments, it is because of Israel's disregard of human rights. When Amos arraigns, it is on the charge of inhumanity and immorality. Throughout the Pentateuch, the Prophets, and the Sacred Writings, the one thought that meets one everywhere is that the Soul of Judaism is Social Salvation. Herein lies its world mission. Nor was the hope of its fulfilment ever abandoned even at the time when that hope seemed almost mockery. During the dreary centuries of his persecution, the Jew felt sure that the *Zeman geullah*—the time of deliverance—would come, even though it required a miracle to bring it about. He also knew that, when that time should arrive, his Judaism would have to undergo a marked change. *Leatid laba kol hakarbanot betelin.* He saw clearly that, if he was to Judaize the world, he would first have to adjust his Judaism to life. Hence, when the dawn of

* Isaiah V-16. † Isaiah I-27.

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the nineteenth century appeared and the Jew saw in it the dawn of that perfect day when all men will walk in the light of the Lord, he at once began to readjust his Judaism to the larger life into which he was to enter. This readjustment is known as the Reform movement in Judaism and is antecedent to the adjustment of life to Judaism, which will be the Redemptive movement of Judaism—when Judaism will have become the Saviour of Society.

Thus, the mere fact that in America thousands of the rising generation have never seen phylacteries or carried a palm branch, or sat in a tabernacle, by no means justifies the conclusion that the American Jew is doomed, or even in danger of absorption.

> "The outward symbols disappear
> From him whose inward sight is clear."

What if the removal of these and other ceremonies by the past generation has been succeeded by the building of the highway to our God on the part of the present generation? Would not then what Zangwill regards as a symptom of decay really be the truest sign of life? The danger of the disappearance of the American Jew becomes real only if, having adjusted his Judaism to life, he is either unable or unwilling to proceed with the further adjustment of life to the principles of Judaism; but then his safety lies in a change of heart, not of home.

Assuming our interpretation of Judaism to be correct, let us now examine the conditions of Judaism in America. Does the American Jew realize the divine purpose of his being? Does he "beware lest he forget the Lord," or does he "go after other gods, the gods of the people that are about him"? Does he "know and lay it to heart that the Lord is God in the heaven above, and upon the earth beneath, and that there is none else"? Does he "keep His statutes and His commandments that he may prolong his days in the land which the Lord hath given him"? Does he, by his life, point out the direction to Social Salvation? Does he protect the compass from deflection, or does he allow himself to drift wherever the currents of civilization would carry him? In other words, is his Life Service so distinguished as to save him from absorption?

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Speaking of the migration of the Jews, Zangwill assures us that most of them will follow the branch lines, only the select few choosing the central line. Radically though we differ as to the terminus of that line—Itoland according to Zangwill, while according to us, Judaism as the Saviour of Society—we are yet agreed that the central line is not popular with the Jew. He has a decided preference for the branch lines. And again we agree with Zangwill, "all the Jews on the branch line are going nowhere." They have neither message nor mission. Let us see where the bulk of American Jewry is to be found.

Hordes of our brethren follow the bread line. What can these overburdened and underfed princes of God teach the heathen world?—that, notwithstanding all that cometh out of the mouth of the Lord, millions must live by bread alone? A fact so commonplace hardly requires divine revelation. Some, more fortunate, follow the gold line. What can the poor *goyim* learn from these?—that above all wisdom is to have and to hold? That, too, is nothing new. If there is one great truth in the Gospels that men have taken to heart, it is that "whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even what he hath." No wonder they are all striving to belong to the "haths." Then, again, there are some who follow the sham line. Not the least among these are the divinely appointed guardians of the "poor people" with whose money they build and maintain for them magnificent institutions of benevolence. What can these pious frauds teach us?—that charity covers a multitude of sins? As if we had not known that all along! Quite a number follow the fad line. To this class belongs the social settlement Jew. One hesitates to belittle a work to which men and women of the finest type are dedicating themselves. Yet, despite or rather because of our admiration for them, we would remind them that the social settlement is by no means the central institution in Judaism as some have come to believe. At best, it is a poor settlement on the branch line. In our ecstasy over one Mary Antin, whom Hale House has helped into the Promised Land, let us not forget that there are thousands of Mary Mortons and Carrie Ber-

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kowitzes whom the Rivington Street settlement will not help to leave the House of Bondage.

Unquestionably, "the Jews on the branch line are going nowhere." To escape absorption, the American Jew must take the central line—the Way of Holiness. It alone leads to Social Salvation and, hence, to the preservation of the Jew; for only by saving can the Jew be saved. If, as Zangwill insists, separateness be essential for the survival of the Jew, then surely he can do no better than take that line, for notwithstanding all the advertising Christianity has given it, it is still untravelled. True, once in a great while some lone traveller walks there, but when he asserts that the unclean do not pass over it, that no lion walks there, and the ravenous beasts do not go up thereon, then he is jeered at, for who but a fool could believe that there is such a way in this world! Indeed, it will be a long time before the eyes of the blind shall be opened and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. If the Jew is to be the light of the Gentiles, he must be the first to walk there. He must speak the *leshon hakodesh,* the language of holiness, and evince the *ruah hakodesh,* the spirit of holiness, in his Life Service. In other words, he must demonstrate to the world Judaism as Practical Politics. To illustrate our meaning, a few examples may not be amiss.

In spite of all the national and international peace congresses that have been held in recent years, there is not a single nation that sincerely believes in peace. Even the most enlightened of "Christian nations" annually votes for the construction of two or more battleships, justifying its brutal policy by the hypocritical claim that the surest guarantee of peace is to be prepared for war. Now, if Israel's mission is peace, should not the Jew, especially those who supply the sinews of war, insist that "the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect thereof quietness and security forever"? *

The patriotic citizens of a great State demand a law denying aliens the right to own land, thereby giving unmistakable evidence of their love of country, and incidentally, of their love of their enemies. Should not the American Jew, whose love of country and whose loyalty to American institutions cannot be ques-

*Isaiah XXII. 17.

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tioned, protest: "And if a stranger sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall not do him wrong. The stranger that sojourneth with you shall be as the home-born among you. And thou shalt love him as thyself" ? *

The people are seized with a spasm of reform because, forsooth, they have learned of the terrible inroads that the social evil is making into the health of the nation. Their alarm being caused by the damaged goods, not the damned souls, naturally their solution is based on safety, not sanctity. At such a time where is the Jew to proclaim, not with his lips, but with his life, that the only sure remedy for this ancient evil is the ancient conscience? "Holy shall ye be, for I, the Lord your God, am holy." †

Take the contest between labor and capital. One wonders whether this struggle will ever cease. Certain it is that it will not, so long as the parties to the struggle regard each other reciprocally as beasts of burden and birds of prey. For a time, the former may be subdued by being beaten into insensibility, and the latter restrained by clipping their claws, but the conflict will be renewed with so much greater fierceness when the erstwhile disabled combatants have recovered their strength. Again, it is the Jew who should show the world that man belongs not to the animal kingdom, but to the kingdom of heaven. "Have we not all one Father, hath not one God created us, why then do we deal treacherously every man against his brother?" ‡ A sense of brotherhood—herein lies the solution of the greatest of modern problems. Starvation wages would be impossible if the employer saw in his employee his own real brother. Nor should we need stringent laws against child labor; for who would stunt the child of his own real brother? With a wage scale based on brotherhood and service rendered in the spirit of brotherhood, what room would there be for strikes, boycotts, or sabotage? Instead of an impersonal "labor" and "capital" we should then have rich and poor brothers, the one forgetting his richness, the other forgetting his poverty, in the remembrance that they are brothers. Verily, salvation is of Judaism. If its practicability has not yet become patent, it is because it has not yet been practised. Surely it is not too much to ask of the Jew that he begin!

* Lev. XIX. 33, 34. † Lev. XIX. 2. ‡ Mal. II. 10.

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A Jewish university student who maintains that one cannot be a good Jew unless he speaks Hebrew, asked me the other day what Reform Judaism required of its adherents. Upon being told, in substance, the contents of this paper he naïvely asked me, "Do you mean that?" When I assured him that that was my sincere belief he indignantly exclaimed, "Why do you expect the Jew to be better than anybody else, sacrificing, sacrificing all the time?" I replied, "But for that, what would be the use of being a Jew?"

Claude G. Montefiore has well said, "Liberal Judaism is not an easy Judaism, but a hard Judaism." It is Judaism at the summit; and, in the words of Friedrich Nietzsche, "Life is hardest at the summit—the cold increases, the responsibility increases."

The closing sentence of Zangwill's notable address, which inspired the present writing, reads, "Disappearance of the Jew would be comedy; continuance, tragedy; reappearance, an epic poem." With all deference to that master of the literary art, I would say reappearance does not, necessarily, make the epic. Certainly the reappearance of the Jew, as a nation, under the present humiliating conditions, would be a travesty. Not the reappearance but the perseverance of Ulysses makes the Odyssey an epic poem. With this change, I know of no words more compelling wherewith to conclude this appeal to American Israel. Disappearance of the American Jew would be comedy; continuance, tragedy; perseverance, an epic poem. Disappearance of the Jew in America, where every opportunity is given him not only for freest self-expression, but also fullest self-realization, would, in view of his centuried sufferings for the attainment of these very things, be a comedy. Continuance in our present state of self-complacency because of our complete emancipation, forgetful of our high mission to be the Saviour of Society—would be tragedy; for we would murder the Soul of Israel. Perseverance in the adjustment of life to Judaism to the end that humanity's sorrow and sighing may flee away,—that will be an epic poem.

Judaism in America! Comedy, tragedy or epic poem,—which shall it be?

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IRISH NATIONALISM

A Humbug

JAMES DAVID KENNY

THE legend—Téanoa in Éirinn.—was stamped on the side of a flour-sack. I asked the woman of the house, who was scooping flour out of the sack, what it meant. She didn't know. I asked her husband. He didn't know. Irish was the native tongue of both. Their mothers prayed to God in Irish that they might be carried safely over the perils of maternity at the birth of each. Irish were the first sounds that fell upon their infant ears.

It may be assumed that the legend so branded on the flour-sack was put there as a concession to the national sentiment of the Irish. But what practical or rational purpose could it subserve if it was wholly unintelligible to those who knew Irish as a spoken tongue? None. Putting it there was a mere humbug. It was worse than a humbug, because, while the flour may have been made in Ireland, the wheat out of which it was ground wasn't grown there. Not a single grain of it. Nor was the sack made in Ireland, nor the cloth out of which it was manufactured; nor was the jute, hemp, or cotton out of which the cloth was spun grown on Irish soil. Neither was the ship that brought the wheat into Ireland made there; nor did it fly an Irish flag; nor was it officered by Irish men; nor was it manned by Irish hands. The legend, therefore, was not merely a humbug, it was largely a fraud.

A few days afterwards, at a cattle-fair, or general market, in the neighboring village, about a mile away, a ballad-singer, from Iar-Connaught, was singing a song in Irish, probably hoping that it would appeal to the national sentiment of those who stood by, and bring him a few extra pennies. A band of bosthoons gathered around him, and began to laugh and jeer at him for insulting their ears and their intelligence with a song sung in a barbarous and unknown tongue.

The following Sunday, at the door of the Catholic church in

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the same village, a collection was taken up in order to get funds to promote the study and cultivation of the Irish language. There wasn't a word of Irish spoken by those who took part in that collection. It didn't seem to occur to any of them that they could and would do more for Irish by simply talking it to one another than they could by applying any fund they might collect to the purchase of books that would never be read. The collection was made in good faith, but the whole transaction was a humbug. A mere humbug, because a language is a thing that grew up out of necessity, and is intended for everyday use, and must die unless everyday use is made of it. Bottling it up in a book, and putting it away on a shelf, to be taken down and looked at as a curiosity, once in a year, or in five years, only helps to kill it. It does not keep it alive.

Let us step inside the door of the church, and try to form an impartial estimate of what the Church itself has done to promote the study and cultivation of Irish. The official language of the Catholic Church, as everybody knows, is Latin. With one or two small exceptions, it is the same everywhere throughout the world. The service is the same everywhere. It always has been. *Semper eadem* is the Church's motto. Therefore, directly as an organization, it is concerned in no way with the study of Irish; and absolutely, as a matter of fact, it has done nothing whatever to foster the study of Irish from the day it first came into Ireland until now.

In my recollection an Irish sermon was never preached from the altar of that church; and if any use was ever made of the Irish language by any clergyman, since the church was built, it was in ministering to those who could not understand him in any other way. Except where coerced into it, he used English as the language most convenient for himself, and didn't give a second thought to the preservation of the Irish language.

Educationally, it has always been the same with the Irish clergy. Adamnan begins the preface of his life of St. Columba with these words, translated literally from his Latin into English by Dr. Fowler: "Forasmuch as I wish to comply with the importunities of the brethren, and am about to write, with Christ's help, the life of our blessed patron, I will first take care

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to remind my readers that they should give credence to the ascertained facts here related, and think of the matter rather than the words, which, as I myself consider, seem to be unpolished and rude, and should remember that the kingdom of God standeth not in abundance of speech, but in excellency of faith; and not despise the rehearsal of events profitable to us, and that happened not without the help of God, on account of some obscure names of persons, or tribes, or places in the barbarous Scotic (Irish) tongue, which is becoming, as I think, of small account among the various other languages of foreign nations."

In the face of such contempt as this, expressed 1200 years ago by the principal ecclesiastical scholar of early Christian Ireland, speaking of the most illustrious native saint, the marvel is that Irish is still a living language. For it is not too much to say, in the face of a statement like that, that the clergy did all they could to kill it.

Politically, Irish Nationalism has never been anything to the Church but a disturbing influence, to which it has been in its heart hostile. When St. Patrick, on his apostolic mission, came to the neighborhood of Tara, and invited a conference with the King, one of Laori's followers suggested to him not to be too cordial in his reception of the strangers, because some day they might shoulder him out of his own place. That far-sighted forecast has been realized in an extraordinary way.

There isn't a statue anywhere in Ireland to-day to commemorate the life work of any native prince, dynast, or leader that ever ruled over the land. Not one. There *is* a statue of St. Patrick on the hill of Tara in Meath. What business has such a statue to be in such a place? If there is any part of Irish earth, anywhere in this whole world, around which the idea of Irish nationality centres, it is about Tara of the Kings. It is the one and only place at which anything like an Irish parliament ever came together to formulate Irish laws in the Irish language for the better government of the whole country. It is the only point at which native authority ever existed to levy taxes over the whole country for the common good. It is the ancient seat of the native national executive. It was the headquarters of the only definite attempt ever made by Irish men, or

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Irish kings, to organize a national army with a life extending beyond one campaign. Of all other places in Ireland it is the least appropriate on which to erect a monument to commemorate the labors of the foremost representative of a Church which is, by its very nature, anti-national in its world policy. A statue of Queen Elizabeth, of Oliver Cromwell, or of William III, erected in the same place, could not more emphatically express the idea of conquest, the overthrow of the independent sovereignty of Ireland. This confusion of religion with patriotism, to the destruction of the material things by which a nation is kept alive, is not merely a humbug, it is a fraud.

To analyze the causes that lead up to the decay of Nationalism in any country is a difficult task, because a multitude of those causes, operating with different intensity and at different places and times, may all contribute to the same end. A fairly just conclusion may be arrived at more easily, in regard to Ireland, by taking a glance at the history of a single representative family, the descendants, or the supposed descendants, of an ancient native Irishman.

About 1800 years ago a man, named Mo Nooa, belonging to the daor-stock men, or common people of the day, as distinguished from the gentleman, was the servant, or bailiff, of the principal dynast in Ulster at that time, called Coarpri the Ever-just. Whatever this servant, or bailiff, may have been to his master, who had acquired a reputation for a high sense of personal honor, he was a forestaller and gombeen-man on his own account, but with the courage to back up his craft by physical force, and the ability to assert and make good his claims. By one wile or another he succeeded in getting people in many parts of Ireland indebted to him; and, finally, in return for advances of seed wheat, he set up a claim to levy bonaght over part of Munster. It was the same trick, in a somewhat different form, by which James FitzThomas, more than 1000 years later, in the same place, raised himself from a small squire into a great gentleman. And, as in the case of the Geraldines, it won. This Mo Nooa was the direct ancestor of Brian Boru.

It is not necessary, from the point of view of Nationalism, to say any more about this Brian than that he was the man of

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Clontarf; and that he, the father, his son, and his grandson, laid down their lives on the same day, and on the same field, for Ireland, dying in the arms of Victory. That was the culminating point; but then came the retrogression. It began the day after the battle. From a position of military preëminence, and the status of a national army, the clansmen and followers of Brian sank, at once, to that of a local territorial levy. They even had to fight their way back from the shores of Dublin bay, through tribal enemies, to their own homes in Thomond. If it had been nothing more than a retrogression, a return to the territory recognized to be theirs, their work for Ireland would have been done, and they could have gone ahead and put in the crops, satisfied with having done their duty. But it did not stop at that; there came a change in the quality of the metal out of which they, and their descendants, were made; the temper went out of the steel; the iron out of the backbone of those who prided themselves on gaining their ends by the strong hand, until, some generations after the victory, they were hunted off the field in a battle with some of their tribal enemies. The Four Masters call attention to it, and comment on the fact that the Dalcassians, who, up to that time, had uniformly chased their enemies before them, for the first time in their history showed their backs to them on the field of battle in a fair fight.

In the sixteenth century the Spanish infantry were the most formidable troops in the world. After their defeat, at the battle of Rocroy, they never recovered their old prestige. Neither did the Dalcassians, after this defeat, ever recover their military eminence of the past. Here and there the old warlike spirit broke out again, as when they killed De Clare and drove his followers out of Thomond. But that was the last of it. The gentlemen of the sept, in the next generation, sold out their country for English titles and grants of land in fee. They apostatized from the ancient faith, abandoned the Irish language, and the Irish law, and, as is the case with turn-coats, they became, in a manner, more English than the English themselves. Some people make a virtue out of necessity, and justify prostitution as an alternative to starvation. But it wasn't in any way necessary for those gentlemen at that time so to debase them-

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selves in order to hold what their fathers had held before them. There was no weight of military force pressing on them in 1542. Their act was due to a mere rotting of the fibre of the stuff out of which they were made was spun. They were simply degenerates.

The battle of Kinsale was one of the decisive events in Irish history. The descendant and representative of Brian Boru, no longer an Irish dynast but the Earl of Thomond, fought on the English side on that day, and was the first to urge them on to the attack upon his own countrymen. If he had fought on the Irish side, the side to which history, manhood, and duty to his country called him, it would have been another Clontarf for Ireland. A prominent writer says that on that day Lord Thomond made history. So he did by raising himself on the dead body of his country, as his forestalling forefather raised himself over the impoverished wheat farmers of Munster. It was a far cry from the extortioner of the second century to the bloodhound of the seventeenth, but the spirit of both was the same. Self first: country nowhere. Ireland, a nation, is indebted to him and his for the loss of Ulster, and for the three hundred years of ruin that succeeded the defeat of Kinsale.

Their territory was sacked from end to end, more than once during that war, by native Irishmen, for their treachery. One would think that they could not sink any lower down than this, but that wasn't the end of it. A few generations later they went out to fight for James II, and were entrapped into an ambuscade before the battle of the Boyne, and routed. At Aughrim they ran away. This time their territory was sacked from end to end by Englishmen; the estates given by Crown patent to their grandfathers for selling out their country were taken away from those among them who were officers in the Jacobite army, and sold to English and Dutch settlers; and their followers were shot down, or driven into bogs and mountains and nearly annihilated. Houses were burned down so as to deprive people of shelter and reduce them to the condition of wild beasts; and the land was looted of flocks and herds, and so utterly devastated that a crow flying over it could find nothing to pick up but beetles, worms and grubs, wild denizens of the fields like itself.

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This was no more than a fitting retribution for the mistake, to call it by no more harsh a name, made by their grandfathers in helping those English to destroy the dynasts and people of Ulster nearly a hundred years before. And by one process after another of degeneration and decay they have, gradually but steadily, step by step, sunk down into a community of assassins. Anybody who deals with them now, and has occasion to differ from them in interest or opinion, has to look forward to cold-blooded murder as the recognized method of settling differences.

From Mo Nooa, through 900 years of tribal strife and national war, up to Brian and the men of Clontarf, than whom no better men ever stood on Irish earth, is a long and wonderful story. From Brian, and those who died beside him on the field for Ireland, through 900 years of tribal wars and national strife down to the last scoundrel who shot his neighbor, or his neighbor's wife, in the back and in the dark, in his own quarrel, is an equally long and memorable record, a study in Nationalism and in national life, in the rise and fall of races and of men, well worth the consideration of anyone.

The question is: where is Irish Nationalism to-day in such a community as this? It isn't there. It isn't there any more than it was there when Clare's dragoons went out to fight for a worthless Scotsman against an equally worthless and crooked Dutchman, neither of whom cared anything about Ireland. And if this is a typically representative and leading nationalist community, as it is said to be, what is the rest of it? If this is a comedy, or a tragedy, the rest of it is a farce. In this particular instance, which is purely Irish in its origin and throughout its entire history, the idol had clay feet to begin with, and, in the lapse of ages, when put to the crucial test, it fell back into the mud out of which it sprang.

Let us turn, for a moment, to the family that, after more than 1000 years, repeated the tactics of Mo Nooa in Desmond; for that family has been held up, by those who can't or won't distinguish between one thing and another, as Irish and nationalist. The Geraldines—who were they? The descendants of an Italian chef, the major-domo or cook of Edward the Confessor. That people of that kind, for even if their antecedents

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should be better than this, their origin is alien, and their advancement into public notice and place a thing of yesterday, by comparison with the antiquity of Ireland and the Irish, should come to be thought representative of Irish Nationalism is a wonder and a puzzle. They were the bitterest enemies that the Irish had for hundreds of years; their hands are red with Irish blood; they were the special agents and deputies in Ireland for generations of one faction of the warring English kings; and played a double-handed game, Irish to-day and English to-morrow, not for either one country or the other, for they belonged to neither, but for their own advantage. Where is the Nationalism in such stuff as that? It isn't there. It never was there. It is a humbug, always was a humbug, and couldn't be anything else.

Take any of the modern movements in Ireland that are said to be, or to have been, nationalistic, analyze them, and the same is found to be true. O'Connell's agitation had Catholicism, not Nationalism, for its basis. Religion, not patriotism, was the moral force and motive power behind it, and without that spiritual quality it would have amounted to nothing. There was faith in those days, not hypocrisy as a cover for pushing business, and priests and people stood together in their effort to free themselves from the consequences of the Penal laws, and to shake off the burden of an alien Church which they never went near, and which was a mere leach and vampire as far as the country was concerned, one of the despicable humbugs with which it has been cursed. The Liberator was the steady and consistent advocate of moral force; and, perhaps, no man that ever lived in the world had the natural eloquence, and the personal magnetism, to carry great multitudes with him up almost to the muzzle of the gun without arms in their hands.

But there he stopped. Religion is a spiritual thing. Its empire is over the mind or the soul. It is itself, under certain circumstances, a moral force; and it may, and can, and must be sustained by the moral force of faith. But a nation can not be. Without the sword in its hand it is only the ox led up to the slaughter. Any conception of Nationalism that leaves out this fundamental principle is only a humbug and a mockery; and it

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was at that point that the great advocate of moral force and religious freedom ceased to be, or failed to be, a nationalist. He was a great orator, a great advocate and parliamentarian, and a great Catholic, but nothing more.

The Fenian movement of later times was an Irish-American, not an Irish, movement, that originated among ex-soldiers of the federal army. Having acquired a military training and experience, they sought to turn the lessons learned in war against the Government at whose hands Ireland and they had suffered. But the movement was a military and republican one out of harmony with the trend of native Irish events. In attempting to implant, by force, a system of government, only then being put to test in the New World, in an ancient state, with the memory of 5000 years of patriarchal life behind it, it missed the historical continuity of Irish national life; and, even if it had succeeded, it would not have been national. The very name they chose for themselves was unfortunate; for the most noble, and truly national, race of kings that ever ruled in Ireland was overthrown and destroyed, at the battle of Gaura, by the Fenians of the past.

The Parnell movement that came later centred around a remarkable personality. It originated almost solely with himself, and was carried further forward than he ever intended that it should go by a savage outburst of agrarianism, with which he had no sympathy, but which happened to synchronize exactly with it. Take the agrarianism out of it, and what would it have been? Mere politics: an effort on the part of a parliamentary tactician of consummate ability to acquire personal power. The personal element was everything, the national nothing. That personality thought more of an English woman than it did of the Irish nation, and would have abandoned one for the other at any time for years. While it was a parliamentary power, and a great one, that might have been used by the Irish, if they were wise, instead of flinging it down and erecting a monument over it when dead, as Irish Nationalism, it was a humbug and a fraud; and it bit the dust, and went down to death, for that reason.

The Irish movement of this generation is not national, it is agrarian. To make that clear it is only necessary to look at the condition of Ulster. For nearly forty years the aim of the

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occupants of land in the other three provinces has been to become owners in fee of their farms. All this time they put forward love of country as the stimulant actuating them to acquire title to the land. In other words, the basis of their claim to become owners instead of occupiers was that the landlords were aliens with foreign sympathies, while they themselves were nationalists and Irishmen. But while they were buying the land in one part of the country under this claim, making nationalism a cover for agrarianism, the tenant farmers in Ulster have been just as active in buying out the landlords in that province. They profited directly by the enormous sums of money sent over from the United States to maintain the representatives of those who made Nationalism their claim to title in fee of land, and who made Home Rule their cry with which to raise money to forward the agitation for its transfer to them from the landlords, while they themselves either remained silent, or were openly and bitterly anti-national. And the so-called nationalist representatives looked on at the transfer of the land of Ulster, merely from one class to another, independent of the fundamental reason why there should be any transfer at all, and never said a word, or raised a protest.

If you take any part of Ulster and transfer it in fee-simple from one Anglo-Irish landlord to one hundred Anglo-Irish, or Scotch-Irish tenants, how much more Irish is it after the transfer than it was before? Is it not one hundred times less? And yet it is in the face of such a set of facts as this that the parliamentary representatives of the majority of the Irish people dare to call themselves Nationalists. Was there ever such a humbug?

The recovery of the province of Ulster is a fundamental principle of Irish nationalism, otherwise Ireland, a Nation, is dead. As between the agrarianism of the alien and the enemy of the country of his birth, and the spirit of nationality, there is no compromise. It is a question of life or death for one or the other. No nation can afford to surrender one square-foot of its territory, one rock rising up out of the sea along its shore, to its enemies. To do so means death or degradation. Any policy that ignores this, or denies it, is not Nationalism. It is a humbug and a fraud.

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There is a money-lending corporation in Ireland, at the present time, that calls itself the "National" Bank. It appears to have been founded by O'Connell with some idea of Nationalism in money matters in the back of his head. Its principal office is in *London*. It would not be less truly national if its head office were in Rome or at Jerusalem. It is as national as the landlords. When the land-shark steps out the loan-shark steps in. That is the length and breadth of its nationality. It is the same with everything else in the country that makes an open profession, or silent pretence, of Nationalism; from the sordid peasant behind his mud fence, insane in his greed for the soil, and with murder, not love of country, in his heart, to the place-hunter, who pretends to love Ireland in order that he may get a chance to sell it. Patriotism may be the last refuge of a scoundrel in England; but, in Ireland, Nationalism is not the last refuge of a humbug, it is the first.

When critically analyzed, or when looked at honestly and fairly, what passes for Irish Nationalism in these days is a detestable imposition from beginning to end, a mere humbug. There ought, when dealing with such a sacred thing as national life, to be some sincerity in men's words and in their acts, in their minds and in their hearts.*

*For a different view, see *A Nation in Ireland*, by Darrell Figgis, in the March, April, May and June numbers of The Forum.

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THE PRESENT-DAY COLLEGE

J. A. REED

A PESSIMISTIC view of college education, shared alike by the college itself, by such thoughtful parents as are sufficiently interested to inspect and form an unbiased estimate of the results of college education, and even by the boys themselves prior to attaining the rank of upperclassmen, is generally conceded throughout the country to-day. An intelligent public is awakening to the fact that our higher educational institutions are not fulfilling the hopes of their founders and supporters, and are not meeting the needs of the nation.

HOW THE COLLEGE ESTIMATES ITSELF

The college's estimate of itself is clearly revealed in an extraordinary series of criticisms which have seemed worthy of indorsement by the press, and have been printed over the signatures of college faculty members.

Among these we might mention President Wilson's remark on "side shows"; the newspaper sympathy for one who was trying to make an educational institution out of Princeton, followed promptly by the President's declaration that he did not wish to be president of a Country Club whatever position he might appear to be occupying; President Hall's anxiety for the student who for four years was exposed to the contagion of a college education; and worst of all, the remark of an official, in one of our most reputable colleges, to the disappointed father of one of its students, "You did not think you were choosing an educational institution, did you?"

THE LAYMAN'S ESTIMATE

The same class of expressions can be found among laymen. One keen observer writes, "A college is a factory for turning raw material into case-hardened athletes, kid-finished society leaders . . . Its work is marvellous. It can take an eighteen year old youth with premature trousers, hay-stack hair, . . . and in four years can work him over into a calm-eyed football

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champion." Another enumerates the subjects offered in the modern curriculum as follows: How to keep a dance programme straight; Eating in all its branches; How to live on credit; Frat. House construction; The Science of making the hair stand up straight; etc.

The "Uncooked Beefsteak" stories, to one familiar with the institutions of New York and New Jersey, offer much of truth, and comparatively little fiction.

THE STUDENT'S ESTIMATE

But the sting of mature criticism is as nothing compared with the biting sarcasm of student censure. No keener and no juster estimate of our higher educational system is to be found than that which is placed upon it by students, who for four years have been subjected to the supervision and tutelage of would-be educators; educators who too often trifle with characters and futures, experiment in the dark, and allow their charges to fritter away their richest inheritance—youth.

SCIENTIFIC STUDY DEMANDED

Recognition of these unsatisfactory conditions warns us that the time is ripe for a scientific study of higher education. It is time for the public to know where our colleges are failing, and why, and to demand such reorganization as will force each institution to justify its existence by the success of its methods, or admit its failures and retire from business. It is time for the public purse strings to refuse to respond to demands which are making so inadequate a return.

It makes no difference how often the individual college may have won at athletics, how many fraternity chapters it may have established, how much dramatic or musical recognition it may have received. The age of the college, the number and respectability of the alumni, the actual numerical grades, the number of Phi Beta Kappas, are all secondary to the one important question—has each individual student received an adequate return on his financial investment, and more than that, on the four best years of his young manhood?

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THE OBJECT OF THE COLLEGE COURSE

Consensus of opinion would declare that the natural results of a college course should be good judgment and a disciplined mind. That the college man should be able to think more accurately, investigate more thoroughly, decide more impartially, take a broader view, and reason more logically than the non-college man.

But does the college accomplish this object? Does it send out into the world men who are abler in intellect, purer in heart, stronger in right living and right thinking as a result of its four years of influence? Sometimes it does, but too often it does not. No one has yet computed the percentage of college failures based upon such a standard, but from estimates furnished by a large number of faculty men it would seem that at least fifty per cent. of the financial investment, and of youth, is wasted. During their college course thousands of young men are fitted or unfitted to solve efficiently the problems of the future. These problems will be more difficult and more complex than ours. It is our duty so to prepare our boys to meet this great responsibility that the future of our country may be safe in their hands.

Looked at from this point of view, higher education is one of the most important business undertakings of the day. Knowledge of its successes and failures is pre-requisite to increased efficiency.

CAUSES OF FAILURE

Several causes appear to be of more influence than others. First among these one may note that the colleges are receiving too many boys who should never have gone to college at all. This is due largely to two errors: (1) improper motives for attending college, and (2) the character of entrance requirements.

A large number of young men have been interviewed as to their motives for attending college. Some had no excuse to offer at all, and did not even pretend to have any motive. Some had parents who were college graduates, and, as loyal sons, desired their children to share in the benefits of their alma mater; parents of others had not had college advantages, and were anxious to give their sons the opportunities which they had missed. Some

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were influenced by fraternity friends who had painted college life in rainbow colors and pledged a merry time; others were not backward in admitting that "Dad had the dough" and was willing to give them a good time before the serious duties of life began. This latter type is eagerly sought by the fraternities, while the question of what to do with the rich man's son is seriously disturbing some of our older New England colleges. Faculties of these institutions frankly admit that they are not drawing their share of scholarship material, that honors go to the poor, non-fraternity man, but that as private institutions they must encourage the coming of the rich as their very existence depends upon the contributions of this class of alumni. Sometimes athletics, or glee club, or dramatics, was cited as the great attraction; or, again, that it was customary for boys from the "best families" to go to college. It is marvellous how these words "best boys" and "best families" seem to predominate in the college dictionary; marvellous, in this democratic country, how many parents grow weak-kneed and even bow to the ground, when confronted with the fact that "all the best families allow it."

These, and many other motives of their kind, are in direct opposition to our recognized object of the college course. Less than five per cent. of the entire number interviewed were attending college for the love of learning, and these were mostly men of mature years and little money. It is a severe indictment of American standards that so large a percentage of boys from "our best families," aged eighteen to twenty years, graduates of our secondary schools, enter upon any enterprise with no definite, serious, carefully considered motive. There is a sad lack somewhere, and the responsibility must be shared alike by the school which gives, and the college which takes.

As to entrance requirements, neither the examination nor the certification system has proved satisfactory. The former permits too many students to enter below requirements, and the latter lacks uniformity in standards to such an extent that the same grade of work may be estimated at from 75 per cent. to 90 per cent. Neither has a combination of the two systems been satisfactory, and many educators are coming to believe that no satisfactory entrance system will be established until the motive

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for attendance is recognized as the controlling factor in entrance requirements.

Colleges and preparatory schools could soon eradicate the evils of the present system by agreeing that none but college material should be certified or admitted to colleges.

Some experiments have already been made in this direction. In the entrance requirements for the Carnegie Technical Institute, in Pittsburgh, 50 per cent. is based upon a personal interview in which the motive is the main feature. About 20 per cent. of the applicants are accepted. But, as is well known, Mr. Carnegie is a business man, he understands relative values, and his eye is constantly on the waste heap. He is looking for quality, not quantity, and in our average institution faculty, alumni, and trustees are all so bent on " enrollment " that it would be almost impossible to inaugurate such a system. The Columbia University Honor Plan is another experiment along the same lines, and Reed College, in Oregon, has made splendid promises as to its standards and policy. This latter institution has one great advantage—it is being organized in the full light of all the recent criticisms, and should be able to avoid the necessity of reorganization, as well as the difficulty of overcoming tradition. In many colleges half the battle would be won if only the alumni could be convinced.

A SECOND CAUSE OF FAILURE

The second cause of failure is to be found in the " diverting side shows." It has been claimed that the side issues in college life lead to vagrant habits, both physical and mental, and therefore furnish a second link in the chain which has been forged to defeat the true object of college education. The most attractive side shows are fraternity life, various forms of athletics, and dramatic and musical clubs. It is a well known fact, although not always visible to the untrained, naked eye, that these side shows usually begin long before a boy enters college, and that they become bewilderingly visible, both to the victim and to the spectator, the minute the freshman steps off the train in the town which shelters his would-be alma mater.

Fraternity stunts predominate in the first ring. The follow-

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ing features offer grounds for criticism and reorganization—the rushing system, the social features of the club, and their moral and intellectual influence.

There is, in this country, a certain old college of excellent repute which has been accorded a position of superiority over all others in the advantage of its fraternity system. I had an opportunity to study this system in detail. After forming some independent opinions, I began to question the source of the various press reports which had been circulated so freely for a decade or more, and which had been generally believed by our gullible public. In every instance the material had been provided by loyal faculty, or alumni, and a pen and ink investigation was being accepted by the press as an accurate statement of fact.

The rules read well. Boys are met at the trains and given appointment cards by representatives of the various fraternities, no more than three boys from any one fraternity being allowed to meet any one train. A new boy is supposed to receive an invitation to visit each fraternity house, the issuance and acceptance of which leaves no obligation on either side. A second invitation from the same fraternity hints at a "bid," which is later issued in a dignified manner by a senior, after he is sure that the boy has had perfect freedom to know all groups. The entire pledging is accomplished in two days, and then, as we read it, the subject is dropped and the whole college settles down to a period of brotherly love, no initiation being permitted until six weeks after pledging. The object of this rule is two-fold: (1) to give the boys a chance to concentrate their best efforts on study while they are adapting themselves to the college system, and (2) to allow mutual acquaintance before initiation.

So much for the rules. This is the way they work out. On Monday the boys begin to arrive. As the train slows down the whole delegation of cultured students, always representing the "best families," enters into one wild scramble to make porters and lackeys of themselves for the stranger within their gates. Some of the new boys are fraternity wise and enter intending to play the game for all it is worth. They know when to trump, when to play the ace, and they know full well when they are playing the thirteenth card. Occasionally the entire fraternity dele-

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gation is made to feel pretty small by some knowing freshman, but the majority of the boys are sufficiently unsophisticated to be torn asunder by the older and wiser men. Two days of wild scrambling and dishonorable wire pulling will result in the pledging of about ninety per cent. of the freshmen to *something*. Any boy who considers this too rapid a pace is frankly informed that the door of hope will close forever on a certain night, and that such golden opportunities and such flattering invitations will not pass his way a second time.

Next come the six weeks of brotherly love. The Pan-Hellenic world knows more than it cares to publish as to the actual happenings of this period. During one year one-tenth of all the boys who made these hasty pledges informed their prospective brothers that, had they known the other fraternities better, they would have made a different choice, and asked to be released. When a senior was asked if this were true he replied, " Yes, and another one-tenth have been asked to resign." It would appear to me far more creditable to carry on this six weeks of mutual acquaintance *before* the boys are pledged, rather than *after*.

You will scarcely wonder that I smile when I read, " And it is doubtful if there is another college where the fraternity conditions have been higher and where the fraternities have done better work." Then follows, " Most of the members of the faculty are members of some fraternity and thoroughly appreciate the power of the fraternities, and the good work they do." There is absolutely no doubt that the faculty does appreciate, and that other faculties have appreciated the power of the fraternities. This statement has in some instances been so near the truth that insurgent members of faculties have been known to joke freely as to the real power behind the throne.

It is so perfectly well known, and so candidly acknowledged among faculties that drinking, gambling, immoralities, idleness, and various forms of extravagance are encouraged in clubs and fraternities, that it is not necessary to debate the subject. Fraternity life is one round of gaiety from September to June. Some of it is harmless, except for the extravagance and neglect of duty, some is actually immoral.

That the intellectual life is subservient to the social is another

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topic which it is unnecessary to debate. The national councils of most of the fraternities recognize this tendency and try hard to check it. Some of our very best articles urging higher scholarship standards and higher intellectual ideals are to be found in the fraternity magazines. Many times have I known local chapters to be "on the carpet" for registering so few scholars. So far as is possible chapters avoid this censure by occasionally initiating a junior or senior who has already made Phi Beta Kappa rank. It is a mere business exchange, a part of the commercial spirit which is dominating our college life. The fraternities found out long ago that it was easier and cheaper to secure ready made scholars than it was to manufacture them within the chapter, and many boys are willing to exchange the glory of the key for a fraternity membership.

So far as comparative fraternity scholarship is concerned, living as I have in so many sections of the country, I have come to the conclusion that western scholarship is producing a marked effect in relative positions, and here as elsewhere conflict may bring good results. Certain it is that the old line fraternities will need to initiate more brains and smaller cash accounts, or in the revolution which is bound to come the old "big four" will find themselves losing to the fraternities which have built up in the middle west. There was a time when Alpha Delta Phi and her close rivals spelled sure Phi Beta Kappa, but that time has passed into ancient history, and what it may spell in the years to come is largely guess work.

The alumni are responsible for much of this decline in standards; not that they are deliberately in error, but with many there exists a sort of blind confidence in the life that was, and an absolute failure to understand the changing conditions. Many of our aged collegians live on in complete ignorance of the fact that all that is left of the fraternity, as they knew it, is its memories, its ritual and its name. Just recently one has written thus: "A band of brothers, feeling a lively interest in the reputation of their chapter and in the character and conduct of its members, by their social gatherings, their literary exercises, and above all, by the watch and care of the older and wiser over the younger, less matured, and perhaps less studious members, they guard the

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morals, correct the faults, stimulate the ambitions, cultivate the manners and the taste, elevate the scholarship—in a word, form the character and fashion the life of the membership, and thus contribute no unimportant element to the decorum, order, scholarship and culture of the entire college."

These are all splendid thoughts, all absolutely in harmony with the true fraternity ideal, but Young America, and the instructors of Young America, know perfectly well that the modern "goat meeting" hardly consists of literary exercises. Neither does it guard the morals and correct the faults of its members. It does try to keep its scholastic head far enough above sixty per cent. to prevent too many cases of "busted out," and it usually corrects the manners to the extent of insisting that boys rise instantly when ladies enter the room, or that freshmen make duty calls after the president's reception.

On the side of college politics a few words will suffice. So far as possible, and in small colleges it is always possible, the fraternities control all of the desirable student positions. Whether this, as well as some other elements of fraternity life, has any place in our State universities which are supported by public funds, is a question worthy of careful consideration.

I would not appear to be too pessimistic on the fraternity question. The real facts, as I see them, may be summarized as follows. At the present time the college fraternity does not bring unmixed good to the institution, nor does the membership receive the good that it should. On the other hand, whatever may be the atmosphere of any individual fraternity, there can be no doubt that the constitutions and rituals of all are based upon high ideals and that fundamental traditions call for radical improvement. The fraternity can be made, and should be made, a useful feature of college life.

The first reform should come in the pledging system. If only those who have proved their fitness by one full year of college work could be initiated, most of the evils of the rushing system, released pledges, and many scholarship evils would be overcome. Initiates would be more mature men with more settled principles and hence many of the social evils might be avoided.

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The second reform should come in the home life. If the chapter house is to be used as a boarding house it is the duty of the alumni and faculty to co-operate in seeing that these college homes are properly supervised, and that parents are given some assurance that the atmosphere is clean and pure. There are indications that alumni members are slowly awakening to their duties and opportunities, and that the great need of a reform movement is being realized. Several fraternities are employing field secretaries and, although the system is crude and unsatisfactory at present, it may finally prove the best solution of this part of the problem.

Before the first six weeks of college life have ended, the second and third rings of the circus are in full operation and every boy in the institution is making a desperate effort to see all there is to the whole show. Athletics of various kinds, musical clubs, class banquets, and dramatics follow in rapid succession. In truth, the " diverting side-shows " form a veritable " Midway " all along the four-year line. It would be a long task to enumerate the various arguments pro and con each of these activities.

So far as athletics are concerned, the intelligent public is becoming weary of the interminable discussions over gate receipts, schedules, eligibility rules, and that class of press publicity which measures our educational institutions by the standards of the sporting page.

One of the most serious charges made against athletics is that our collegiate games have come to include an economic feature which is entirely foreign to educational ideals and which makes them, from beginning to end, purely commercial enterprises. To begin with, a certain class of men register for the sole and only purpose of majoring in athletics. Such men are placed in a separate class apart from their mates under the tutelage of trained experts. This costs money, and so do many other things incidental to training, travel and carrying out the schedule. Various schemes for meeting these expenses have been tried, but as yet I hear of no satisfactory plan. No matter what plan may be in vogue, it is now generally agreed that each institution should require an exact accounting for all money handled.

Again, the class of publicity which accompanies athletic con-

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tests puts them among the public spectacles for which the public will pay. This means that successful advertising is an essential and legitimate concomitant of the college game. "Pink sheet" notoriety has proved such a useful way of advertising that some of our colleges value it more than any other form of publicity.

Finally, as a commercial enterprise athletics encourages moral evils such as gambling, idleness, financial extravagance, intemperance and profanity. In this connection the character of the coach is of the utmost importance. If he be a man of low moral ideals he must of a necessity draw the students to his own level.

A second criticism directed against athletics is that devotion to any form of college athletics is bound to encourage intellectual evils. Too often teams are not properly impressed with the fact that they represent their university, and that their university is an educational institution whose name and ideals must be maintained.

A third charge preferred against athletics has reference to the physical evils supposed to result from dangers and overstrain. These are matters of dispute and will probably continue to be so for some time, but of one thing we may be sure, that a very small percentage of the students receive any benefit from team work, and that certain forms of athletics have no permanent value as a means of recreation.

So far as the few who can take advantage of it are concerned, team play, under the proper conditions, is in perfect harmony with our definition of the object of the college course. It demands self-control, right living and obedience. It trains the judgment to quick, accurate decisions, cultivates the observation and increases power to detect, anticipate, interpret and thwart plans.

THE COLLEGE COACH

Before leaving the subject of athletics I desire to mention the character and the responsibility of the college coach. He is selected because of certain qualities which promise to make his work a success. He is paid according to his ability and frequently, after the president and the deans, or even without these exceptions, he is the best paid man on the faculty. His retention,

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as well as his future promotion, depends entirely upon the success of his work.

The duties of the coach are perfectly definite, and are uniform throughout the country. He is required to size up the material of the college in toto and to register in his department men who are especially promising, not hesitating to refuse any man whose presence may be detrimental to recognized standards. Next it is his duty to discover latent qualities of either weakness or strength, and train to overcome or strengthen the same. The ultimate value of the training received will depend upon the character of the coach. If he be a man fully alive to his responsibilities, and not a mere professional trainer, his charges will have cultivated the ability to do well each day's work, to think quickly and intelligently, and to act either collectively or independently as circumstances may demand.

It may be well to inquire if any particular class of students, just because they excel in physical qualities, are more entitled than are others to this careful training by the best paid member of the faculty? Why should not something of this method obtain in all collegiate departments?

A THIRD CAUSE OF FAILURE

This brings us to a third cause of college failures, which may be said to be lack of intellectual ideals. It is claimed that culture is not the all-pervading element in the college atmosphere, that the academic coaches of the faculty, instead of encouraging intellectual attainments, are prone to wink at idleness, neglect of duty, and social and fraternity distractions.

I should be very sorry to admit that our faculties are, in the main, composed of men lacking in scholarly ideals and in intellectual culture, but I do wonder sometimes why such men do not appeal more strongly to our boys as problem solvers who are worthy of imitation. Returning again to the responsibility placed upon the athletic coach, we might pause to inquire what indications there are that the other members of the faculty are studying their problems as the coach studies his. Why are they not seeking out the talent of the college, each in his own line? Why do they not study the personal tastes, the peculiarities and weak-

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nesses of each boy, and then, with the wisdom of maturity, try to guide him into the line for which he is best fitted? During my professional life I have met many athletic coaches out drumming up football material, and I have received professional calls from many more, but I do not remember meeting a single pedagogical coach out searching for student material.

Every student who enters college should be studied with special reference to character, intellectual capacity, social standards and moral ideals. His significant tendencies would thus be discovered and could be converted into actual power. Some may think that this has already been accomplished by the advisory, or preceptorial system. I have had some experience along this line too, and while I believe the theory to be excellent I should want to know something about the actual practice before I could recommend it as a suitable advertisement for any college. One of my students selected a college which advertised a most carefully planned and a most adequate advisory system. Ten boys were assigned to each faculty member, who was to be their confidential adviser and best friend. This boy fell to the department of pedagogy and his parents were delighted. He took his registration card to his adviser. It was read over, his entrance credits examined, he was commended on entering without conditions, on his good grades, and then kindly told to be a good boy and maintain the same standard in college and it would not be necessary to come to see him again. That is the first and last time he ever spoke to his adviser, but his room mate was frequently in conference with his. The advisory system in that college was organized solely for boys who were sailing close to the wind—the whole thing was a farce—a part of college advertising.

Good results must come from the study of the individual and an effort so to guide him that he may make the best use of his time both for the present and the future. This has been done in the past, and it will be done in the future. In speaking of the ancient customs in his country a Japanese writer has said, "We were not taught in classes. The grouping of soul-bearing human beings into large classes, as sheep upon Australian farms, was not known in our old schools. Our teachers believed, I think

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instinctively, that man is unclassifiable, that he must be dealt with personally, face to face, soul to soul. So they schooled us, one by one, each according to his idiosyncrasies, physical, mental and spiritual, . . . and as asses were never harnessed with horses, there was little danger of the latter being beaten down into stupidity, or the former driven into valedictorians' graves."

A second, and one of the most valid of all criticisms in this line, is the charge that faculty, trustees, alumni, parents, students and the public are all vying with one another to allow mere numerical greatness to displace educational standards. Everywhere there is a perfect mania for numbers until enrollment has assumed so great importance that institutions are often influenced to secure members in a manner which is decidedly detrimental to the best interests and to the good name of the institution.

A third criticism is aimed against governing boards—that they are not composed of men of high intellectual ideals.

Some advocate the appointment of business men rather than scholars. They argue that there is a decided demand for business methods within the college and that the faculty and president should be able to look after the educational ideals. This may be correct theoretically, but it fails in practice as is readily seen by anyone who takes the trouble to investigate. Our business boards do not look after the business end of the college, or if we think they do, why do we not call for some accounting and compare the size of the waste heap with the actual product? Had our colleges ever been conducted along business lines, we should long ago have witnessed a college panic and several of our institutions would have been forced to the wall. If our boards would look after the financial interests of the institutions and employ a president who has a cultured interest in the better things of life and then allow him to give his time to advancing intellectual standards, there might be less ground for complaint; but as a rule boards have very little conception of the high type of sympathetic scholarship which is needed at the head of our higher institutions.

Fourth, the alumni are censured for having too much interest in athletics and fraternities, and too little in intellectual pursuits. This too is a legitimate complaint. The best way to change the

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present condition is for all who are really interested in the cause of higher education to take hold and turn out a new generation of alumni which will understand the relative importance of the various college activities better than it is now understood.

SUMMARY

A brief and impartial summary of the college situation to-day would be somewhat as follows:

The Public and the Parent are investing funds in a venture which brings no suitable return, but which, for some reason, they do not appear willing either to abandon or to reorganize.

The Boy is being placed in a situation where, at the very outset, for lack of proper guidance, he is absorbed by the wrong group and hence looks at college from the wrong point of view. Often the very surroundings in which he lives destroy the ideals which he has brought from home and substitute lower ones.

The College President and the Faculties are uneasy. They realize that the college world is not the world it should be, but they are conservative, their salaries are at stake, and if the public is satisfied why should they complain?

Secondary Schools, too, have their full share of blame. We may find fault with the college for offering thousand dollar boys fifty cent educations, but we must also be willing to admit that we send many a fifty cent boy to college and expect a thousand dollar education. The secondary schools turn out "uncooked beefsteaks"; the colleges turn out "dead game sports." It is a case of tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum, neither institution can overblame the other, but in the meantime, how about the boy?

President Woodrow Wilson, in Pittsburgh, April 17, 1910, uttered the following words: "I know that the colleges of this country must be reconstructed from top to bottom, and I know that America is going to demand it." Consensus of opinion in the educational world would lay emphasis upon this prophecy and hasten the day of its fulfilment.

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HOW TO RAISE THE COST OF LIVING

HAROLD C. RIDGELY

THE cost of living can be raised, lowered or kept as it is, and can therefore be studied from three points of view. Nor does it matter much on which point we fix our attention; the important thing is to study the subject.

If we are in a small town where living is cheap, how would we raise the cost? It is like raising a flag, a simple matter if we pull on the right rope, and the rope is of many strands, intertwined and tightly twisted.

In a small town, there may not be a food monopoly, and that should be attended to at once. By all means, get the food men together and have them work toward a common end. That will not be difficult, as their interests are all alike, and an organization can be effected readily, after which the great problem can be considered in its various phases.

To begin with, we food monopolists must have a market-house. The town council can build that out of the public funds, and the structure can be the ordinary shed type, with stalls to be rented to the people,—our people.

That will take care of a large share of the food supply, and our board of managers can fix prices better under this concentrated system. The owners of stores and smaller shops in the town will be glad to come in with us, and if they do not see fit to do so we can have a few conversations with those who supply them with vegetables and other products. If the supply men sell to stores outside our organization, we will buy nothing from those supply men, and that ought to be a strong argument in our favor. Besides, we can buy out half the shops in town, especially after we get well on the road toward cornering the market and have secured much of the trade formerly handled by the small trader.

The farmers and hucksters who bring food to town and sell it from house to house are very annoying, and it is a question how best to get rid of them. If they are allowed to engage in such business, they should be made to pay a high license. That

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goes without saying, and our political friends in the city council will back us up in the matter. The more licenses collected, the more funds to advance salaries of city clerks and other officials. It would probably be best, however, to prohibit the selling of vegetables and fruits from house to house, or at any rate to limit it to the owners of farms. Nor should a fellow townsman be allowed to buy from the farmers and then do a peddling business.

There are various arguments that may be advanced to support us in this matter, some of which will appeal to one class of citizens and some to the others. One argument is that the merchants of the town, who pay taxes, should be protected. The idea of protection has the right ring to it and sounds plausible to those who have been advocating protection as a national issue. Our townspeople should be protected from the encroachments of the farmer, and we should use every means in our power to carry out this idea. If anyone dares to say that the consumer is the one to be protected, that man must have the finger of scorn pointed at him. Pointing the finger of scorn is a rare art, and if we do not possess the gift it must be acquired before we go much further. We should learn, also, how to express righteous indignation when occasion requires, as the mental attitude harmonizes with the pointing finger.

The health officer should be on our side, and it would be well to have him make a few remarks about the desirability of concentrating the food supply into one district. He might state that the microbes can be more readily stamped out under such conditions. If a huckster drops a potato in the street, and the street cleaners neglect to get it, the potato will rot and breed microbes; or if a chicken is killed in the town, there is danger of contagion of some kind, it does not matter what.

New York City has a good law that bears on this point. No one can keep chickens within three blocks of a boarding-house. The noise made by the chickens disturbs the motormen on the elevated trains, causing said motormen to run past, to elude, and to evade the stations. Health officers recommend that all noise in New York be done away with, and the recommendation will continue to be made for some time to come. The curtailing of

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the hen may seem to be a small beginning, but we cold storage men do not look at it in that light. New York has many valuable laws which should be studied and copied by those interested in raising the cost of living elsewhere.

Farmers no longer annoy us by bringing meat to town. At one time, a countryman would slaughter a cow and hang it to the limb of a tree for dressing. Of course that was not healthy, so we had laws passed to prohibit the killing of cattle except in our abattoirs, where there are Government inspectors to see whose meat it is. Quite an amusing incident occurred when the bill was before Congress. Some rustic inserted a clause to compel the stamping of the date of killing on a beef. It did not take long to convince Congress that the ink from the stamp would have a deleterious effect on the meat, and the objectionable clause was removed. Think of eating a piece of steak whose obituary was dated April 1, 1912!

In fastening our grip upon a town, we should see that there is a proper monopoly of transportation. All approaches to the town must be properly secured. If there are any free county roads, they should be turned over to private parties and made toll roads. The excuse can be that the county will be relieved of the burden of keeping the roads in order. This argument has been used to advantage with more than one simple-minded population. If the people are fools, they must reap a fool's reward. If they have not the sense to govern themselves, and they let the government slip from their hands, then we must govern them. Those who think politics beneath them will have politics placed above them. The old farmer bringing his load to town will be somewhat discouraged after he has stopped at a couple of toll gates and also paid his town license and his State auto-truck license.

The people of this country have become license-crazy; they are a law-ridden people. Man once had ten laws, but he thought that he could obey a great many more than that and has made millions. The original ten are no longer obeyed; they are obsolete. Modern laws are far better than the old style and are expressed in deeper, if not clearer, language. We have laws for and against almost anything we can think of.

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" But this I know, that every law
That men have made for man,
Since first man took his brother's life,
And the sad world began,
But straws the wheat and saves the chaff
With a most evil fan."

Well, what of it? If we are to raise the price of food, we must not allow our sympathies to interfere. We must finish our work of making secure the approaches to the city. Let us examine the water front. The town owns docks, which should be leased to some railroad or steamboat company, with strict injunctions that no outsiders are to make a landing. We must see that the other water fronts are in proper hands; for it would never do to have some one land a load of melons or a small cargo of fowls. That would upset the market for a week. We must have protection!

The old-fashioned New England town meeting used to be a most exasperating affair. It fell into oblivion for a long time, but there have been signs of revival of late which should give us a pause. In the larger cities, ward meetings and district meetings are being held, and the people are beginning to ask questions of one another. " Why is this? " or " Why is that? " they ask. True the answer is usually " I don't know," but even that shows a startling progress and more curiosity than one has been led to expect. Some day these people will be wanting to make their own nominations of city councilmen, and of State and national candidates, and they will be wanting to know how prospective candidates stand on certain questions,—whether in favor of, or against, a revision of existing food laws, for example. If we are to raise the cost of living, these signs of the times should be counteracted.

We sometimes wonder that the Interstate Commerce Commission has not given us more trouble than it has. It does not seem to have got down thoroughly to the subject of food yet. We should come under the jurisdiction of the Commission, as we get food from more than one State, especially if the town in which we are operating happens to be on a State line. Suppose we food monopolists should be asked if we have formed " a com-

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bination in restraint of trade." Have we?—Yes, that is just what we have done, but speak softly.

One of the most important items in the cost of living is something which we adulterated-food men can't control very well, although we can give valuable suggestions concerning its increase. The item referred to is the municipal debt. Every city, town and hamlet should have a public debt. What is the use in paying as we go, when we can pass the bill on to our grandchildren? We can do even better than that; we can make the debt so enormous that no generation will ever be able to pay it; we can make it so large that even the interest on it will be a burden, not only to future generations but to the present. The " great cities " are going to do this, and some of them have, and why should not the smaller fish swim in the swift current that leads to the whirlpool?

The advantages of an immense public debt must be apparent to anyone who has studied the laudable art of raising the cost of living. The interest on the debt must be paid, and taxes must be collected for the purpose. Property owners must pay the taxes and will raise the rent to defray any increase. For example, consider the case of a large apartment house on which the taxes have been raised. If a tenant leases the whole building, he must pay extra rent, and in turn will charge it up to those leasing the various flats. If the occupant of a flat rents out a spare room to make both ends meet, the roomer pays the increase. It is the old game that children play, of passing a small object down a line, while some one vainly tries to locate the object. " After all, men are only boys grown tall."

It is not to be supposed that a complete system such as has been described can be put in operation in a town all at once. Time will be required to pass city ordinances, and it is not best to pass too many the same year. The prey must be approached by stealth; rush at it, and it will take alarm. The ideal system only has been described or suggested, but it must be modified to suit local conditions, and in all cases it must be established with care and caution.

And having accomplished the desired result and forced the cost of living to a point that is burdensome, suitable explanations

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should be given, in order to satisfy the minds of the curious. The American public has the curiosity of a woman, and is beginning to ask who has raised the cost of living. We are deeply pained that such a question should be asked, of course, and we shall have to pause and think before answering. Who has raised the cost of living? Let us see. We might say that it is due partly to the depredations of the rich. The wealthy own the property and quite naturally want to be taxed as highly as possible; hence the large public debt. It would be well, also, to have Professor Bonehead deliver his customary lecture on the diminished purchasing power of gold; also, the one on the law of supply and demand and its relation to prices. The demand keeps pretty constant, and we have the supply.

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THE TOWN THAT WOULD NOT BE A CITY

E. E. Miller

"BUT for me," wrote Plutarch, "I live in a little town, where I am willing to continue, lest it should grow less."

Plutarch was a good citizen, and it is safe to say that he had the friendship as well as the respect of his neighbors. The man who loves his town is likely to be loved of his townsmen; and one who would have his shortcomings charged to himself and not to an obscure birthplace or provincial residence could not but have been a man of influence in local affairs—the sort of man to whom the neighbors would go for advice and assistance, equally confident of his sanity and his good will.

I am afraid, though, that if Plutarch lived to-day, much as most of us might value him as a neighbor, we should secretly look upon him as rather old fogeyish and out of date.

Remain in a small town for fear that it should become smaller? Not we. If it is not going to get bigger, let us go to some town that will.

The current American idea of a town is—a place that is going to be a city.

The obsession of bigness is upon us. The census reports are the final word about our cities. Chicago in twenty years catches and then hopelessly outdistances Philadelphia. Chicago is a "live" city, one of the marvels of our time. Philadelphia has the adjectives "slow" and "sleepy" fastened upon her garments and wears them as a permanent badge of unworthiness. Down in our South country, Atlanta and Birmingham and Memphis wait for the census reports to see which is the "biggest," the "most progressive," the "best" town. There is joy in Atlanta and disappointment in Memphis when the reports come out.

So it is elsewhere. Urbetta wants new mills and machine shops that it may rival Greattown in population and bank clearings. Bigburg wants a new opera house and a street car line down the two main streets, so that it may get in the Urbetta

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class. Littleville lays off new streets and sells good farm lands at unreasonable prices, hoping this way to start a "boom" and catch up with Bigburg. And out there at the Cross Roads where half a dozen little houses have been put up near the church and the store and the blacksmith shop, to catch and hold for a few months at a time a few families of the more transient and shiftless laboring class—out there in the sun-quickened and wind-refreshed fields, the building of another inconvenient, unsightly house to rent to some unknown straggler is regarded hopefully as another step toward the blissful goal of real townhood.

Yet what real concern to Philadelphia can it be whether that city—making a wholesome and steady growth—is second or third in the list of great cities? What can a few thousand names more or less in the census-takers' books amount to with either Atlanta or Memphis when it comes to determining their real merits as cities,—their desirability as places for men to live and work, and for children to be born and grow up in?

Does Urbetta really need new manufacturing plants, new rows of squalid "mill-hand" houses, new supplies of smoke and dust and grime, when it thrives on its trade with the surrounding country and has unimproved and unsuspected beauty spots all along the banks of the little river where the big mills "ought to be"?

Has it never occurred to Bigburg that it would add more to that place's charm and fragrance to move the pig-pens out of town, to fill up the mudholes where the "streets" dwindle down to country roads, and to pull down the ramshackle old fire-trap across from the depot, than to build an opera house or street car line with the prospect of seeing the builder get two per cent. on his money?

And Littleville, where each family has, from either front or back yard, a fine view of a wooded cliff, and where all wade through mud in wet weather and kick up the dust in dry weather as they go to church or post-office—cannot Littleville realize that what it needs is to put down a few rods of concrete walk and to make sure that the trees on the cliff will not be cut? The fields can grow grass and grain and help to pay for the walks,

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if they are left as fields; cut up into lots, they will grow up in weeds, most likely, and yield no return.

And our Cross Roads friends, why do they want more children of uncertain ancestry and unpatched trousers in their schools; more ugly little three-room houses to mar the beauty of the pastures? Can't they see that what the Cross Roads needs is a hitching shed for the farmers' horses, a coat of paint on the "storehouse," and some vines and hedges to screen some of the unkempt-looking outhouses?

Suggest these things to the people of these towns—tell them to make a park of the river bank, to get rid of the mudholes, to put down the new walks, to build the hitching shed—and they will tell you in all seriousness that they have not the money, that the taxes are too high now, and that what the place needs is new settlers and new enterprises.

Yet the city will buy a site by the river and give it to some corporation, if the corporation can only be induced to build its new mill there instead of elsewhere. There will be big meetings, too, to start that new street car line which is not needed and cannot pay. And if Littleville has a struggling newspaper, that paper will print long accounts of the big sale of lots and the "phenomenal growth of our young city," with never a word about the beauty of the green-clad cliff, or the needlessness of the mud-spattered shoes.

The question with towns is not, "How good?" but "How big?"

Surely it is not so everywhere. There must be at least one little city that does not wish to be a big city next year; one country town that does not aspire to be a city at all; one little hamlet that has no desire to push the wheat fields back from its doors. Such places must be, and into their keeping, I am persuaded, has been given the key to the future. Their citizens it will be who shall dream the dream of the city that is possible, the town that ought to be, and bring this dream to pass. For as surely as it is more important that the town be beautiful and clean and well-governed than that it be big, so surely will the present cult of numbers pass away and the more rational appreciation of homelikeness and wholesome surroundings take its

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place in the minds of the people who dwell in our American towns.

Taken in its entirety, the town of to-day, big or little, is an unlovely thing. Exceptions there may be, but the rule holds good. In almost every town, too, may be found beauty spots—fine residence sections where trees border the curving avenues and the lawns are kept green; public buildings, not faultless perhaps, but dignified and purposeful enough to give the citizens a feeling of pride; smooth, well-lighted streets, and noble business houses towering above the hurrying throngs. There are few even of the smaller towns which have not some feature either of natural beauty or civic achievement which they are proud to possess and glad to see each day. Even the tall smokestacks of the mills, waving the dark plumes of industry above roof and spire, and the grim-fronted furnaces which brighten now and then with the unexpected and thrilling splendor of leaping flame and billowing vapor, crimson and purple and rose and turquoise and tender gray—even these most utilitarian structures have their charm. The town is not devoid of beauty; but how seldom can it be said to be beautiful!

Against the noble avenues, clean, fair-fronted on either side, may be placed the unpaved streets of the slum districts or the negro quarters with their dismal lengths of poverty and squalor. Against the stately buildings may be placed the ramshackle old structures which are allowed to stand, often menacing as well as unsightly. Against the flowering parks may be placed the tenements with the street for playground. Against the strength and majesty of mill and furnace, the wretched cheapness and slatternly monotony of the long rows of houses, all alike, in which the men who work in mill and furnace are expected to live, as if a laborer had no sense of beauty or no aspiration for the finer things of life.

But why continue the list? We all know these defects of our cities—the hopeless squalor and the reeking filth that hide behind the skyscraper; the ragged, unkempt district that both joins and separates town and country. We have seen them, and a thousand other unlovely sights, so often that we have come complacently to accept them as part of the natural order of

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things; or else have imagined that the way to get rid of them is to "boost the town" and have it grow. If only people came in and land went up and a few men grew rich because of that, all was well, and we need not concern ourselves about the noble trees that were cut down, the clear springs that became defiled, or the poorer families who were ever crowded into less and less desirable homes.

Surely there is another type of city, a finer and higher town ideal. The city that shall be all beautiful, the town that desires more inhabitants less than better and happier citizens—surely these things exist not only in imagination, but somewhere in the splendid palpable reality, built by the cheerful toil of men who love their homes and firm-planted on rocky hillside or billowing prairie with which they recognize kinship. Surely, too, these overly ambitious towns of ours, blind in their worship of size and numbers, may yet open their eyes and see the possibilities that lie about hamlet and village.

"A city is not builded in a day," sings one of our present-day poets; and we need not expect to see our ideal city, our contented town, spring suddenly into existence. The passion for virtue and beauty and sanity of life is not going to possess any existing "metropolis" and convert it into the city of our dreams. There is no Merlin of industry to build for us a modern Camelot. Nor can we more than hope that our little town will speedily recognize its kinship with the fields and deliberately set itself the mission of living not only among but with them, of having the atmosphere flow through its streets and extending its modernities out into their lanes until town and country become but parts of a single well-defined and well-organized whole.

Yet something like this, it seems to me, must come to pass. Slowly, no doubt, as the growth of the trees in the forest or the city street, but none the less surely and irrevocably, the little town will come into its own. Some day this little town will know itself not as a means but an end, and plan to become the right sort of town instead of longing to become any sort of a city.

Some day, let us hope, our little city will realize that the pleasant views from the banks of the river and the shadowy

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"courting lanes" leading down to the water's edge are real assets, and that properly conserved and developed they will add more to the satisfaction and daily serenity of life of the city's people than would a new factory, the building of which would spoil the vista and make necessary the cutting down of the immemorial elms and stately sycamores. When the city has realized this, beauty in any part of it will be cherished, and untidiness or unwholesomeness in a backyard will be considered a crime against the community.

Then, if the promoter of the new factory comes to town, we can imagine the city's head man taking him far down the river bank and saying: "Here, we think, would be a good place for your plant. You see that your smoke will drift away from the town; the railroad spur you need will run behind this bank almost out of sight; your buildings will not spoil our fine view across the river; and up there on that slope will be a fine place for your workers to live if you wish to build a village for them. We shall insist on paved streets, liberal front yards and gardens, neat exteriors and modern conveniences for these houses. We are willing to help you all we can in getting all the land you need at a reasonable price, and our city engineer and architect will be at your service."

"Small chance for this city to secure the factory after such talk"?

I am not so sure.

If a few towns said it, the men who wished to build the mills would consider it seriously. Then, if they should be the kind of citizens our city needed, they would begin to see something in it. The town that considered first of all the welfare of its citizens would not be a bad town for an honest business enterprise to locate in. If the town cared enough for the men who worked in the mills to insist that they have neat homes and attractive surroundings, it would surely do its part to keep the mills going and the pay-checks coming.

Some manufacturers think of their employees as co-workers in a great enterprise rather than as a lot of hirelings whose only mission in life is to add to the factory's dividends. Such men would not be driven away by a regard for beauty and an

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insistence upon decency. The other type of employer our little city by the river would not need.

In our country town, too, I can imagine that with the ruts and mudholes filled, the broken sidewalks repaired, the old wooden landmark of early days condemned as a menace and the little dinky depot kept at least clean and neat by the town's authority, there would begin to come a feeling that maybe Bigburg did not need to be a city after all. There might come a rest room for visiting shoppers. The merchants and the farmers could join to build it and it would help to make them neighbors. Then the merchant might decide he had just as soon sell goods to the steady customers he had known for years as to folks he had never heard of and whose tastes and whims he did not know. It would be an easy step from the rest-room to an entertainment hall, and there the needed opera house would be! With cleaner streets, the yards would brighten up, and after a while the telephone linemen might find out that they could string a few wires without cutting the town's finest trees to pieces. When that came to pass, anything would be possible—a clean courthouse, a sanitary inspector who really inspected, everything, in fact, necessary to make the people of the town proud of it and glad to live there.

And Littleville, dreaming of city ways and future bigness, while the pigs and cows roam through its streets, and the young autoists scatter mud on the dodging pedestrians, what could not Littleville be if only its citizens set themselves to the task of making it an ideal place to live in? Beauty of surroundings it has, close, wholesome contact with woods and fields, easy access to real cities. A thousand towns have all these and do not count them assets or put them to use. Littleville can have electric lights and still keep the brook that runs through it clean and pure. It can drive the pigs off the streets, and have a high school, and get out of the mud, and have the grocer screen his doors, and at the same time lay aside all dreams of city greatness, devoting its energies to improving real conditions rather than to advertising advantages, more or less mythical. When Littleville does this, it will be a fine place indeed to live in, and will find no trouble in securing new families as fast as it can locate them satisfactorily, absorb them into the community life and turn

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their ideas and energies into effective channels of community work.

The Cross Roads, too, meant to be a centre of community life, does not need more people living about it. What it needs is a better school-building with one big room for community gatherings, a baseball diamond, a playground for the girls, some honeysuckles and wistarias on porch and fence, and a few trees to shadow and shelter it all. This, with some grass about the church steps and some of the storekeeper's paint on his own buildings, and it could become a place to which old and young would turn with pleasure and from which they could come instructed and bettered, instead of being, as so many such cross roads now are, a place where energies are slackened and respectability is questionable. Some time country life will be organized and ten thousand such community centres will come into being to the great enrichment of the nation's mental and spiritual perceptions.

But I meant not to speak of the country, only to ask aloud what I have often asked in silence. Is there no town left that does not prevaricate about its population, or none that will tell the stranger what it is now doing to become a better place to live in, instead of how much it expects to grow in the next five years?

In such towns, I can believe life will be better ordered, more purposeful and fuller of "durable satisfactions" than is the town life of to-day. There will be no hint of stagnation, no slacking of enterprise because some rival town has made more rapid growth. Instead there will be more beauty, and a deeper and finer local pride. In such towns Plutarchs may not live; but there will surely be men of worth and strength—men whom Plutarch would have been glad to know, and whether or not they attain distinction beyond their own town, these men will add distinction to it. With men willing to live in little towns and to serve them, lest they should grow less, not merely in numbers, but in beauty, desirability and friendliness, the future of the nation will be assured.

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THE CONFESSIONS OF A HARVARD MAN

HAROLD E. STEARNS

HARVARD'S imperishable glory lies in the fact that it, of all American colleges, still speaks the most stirring invitation to our youth,—"here is your fullest opportunity." But Harvard, I believe, has three grave faults. It fails to stimulate the majority of its students to take advantage of this rich opportunity. It furnishes a totally inadequate intellectual discipline. And instead of teaching a man good habits of work and steady concentration, it encourages lazy and vicious habits. These three faults are organic weaknesses of the college, its customs and its system of teaching; they do not arise from the moral quality or intellectual fibre of the students.

Unlike many men, I did not go to Harvard because it was "the thing to do." Neither did I go because the prospect of four years of friendships and easy, pleasant "work" seemed enticing. Although of an old New England family, none of my relatives urged me to enter Harvard. Only moderately interested in athletics and of small physical build, I had no visions of becoming the popular football or crew hero. I went to Harvard hoping and purposing, first of all, to find new interests, to meet intelligent and serious-minded young men, and to gain a genuine culture. Secondly, I hoped and purposed to become a better and more accurate workman. I had the misfortune to be "precocious," and these hopes and purposes I therefore held with more than usual clearness. I believe they represent, with some degree of justice, those of all men who enter college intending to take it seriously.

How well are such hopes and purposes realized at Harvard? And how much failure and success are due to the college itself? How much to the inherent qualities of the student body?

Looking back, a year away from academic life, I find that for whatever is deep and rich in my own individuality I owe much to Harvard. With its excellent instructors, its libraries and its traditions of learning, Harvard furnished me my greatest intellectual opportunity. Yet during only one year did I

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fully avail myself of this opportunity. In truth, one must bring a strong desire to Harvard for a fuller individuality. To many students the life and the customs of the college are actually forces making against a deeper character. I have known more men who have lost early ideals during their four years than I have known men who have won new ones. How few were they who saw visions and dreamed dreams!

I have found that the intellectual discipline I received was inadequate, that Harvard failed to direct my mental habits as well as it both could and ought to have done, and I believe this is likewise true of all except the unusual student. Furthermore, instead of becoming a better workman, when I left I found that I had become a worse. I had learned habits of shirking and procrastination. I knew how to skim lightly over the surface of difficult problems with a show of intelligence. Every custom, almost every professor, encouraged these bad habits. I could pass in my theses late; if I did well on mid-year examinations by hurried "crammings," I could afterwards "cut" many classes with impunity. There was practically no supervision of my habits of work. Every influence was toward hurried and ill-digested work for a brief frantic period and then a long period of relaxation. Such "concentration" is not the concentration of steady self-control or even of steady supervision; it is that of fear.

I did not have to wait until I had left Harvard for a year to learn that the greater number of the student body were depressingly matter-of-fact, intellectually shallow, utilitarian, interested, the same as crass Philistines outside of college, only in money-making, women and amusement. I found it out the first week when a fellow Freshman asked me if I thought "Economics I" would help him in running his father's store. That most of my classmates were easy materialists and hedonists, at best well-clothed, clean-cut young barbarians, was constantly forced on my unwilling convictions. The men who did work hard were not studying for an all-round general culture. They were specialists who saw in terms of bread and butter the future value of their present work.

These qualities of the student body (often excused under the

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fond adjective "irrepressible") are not, of course, any fault of Harvard's. That Harvard has as many able and intellectual men as it has, is a great compliment to the methods of selection for entrance. In other colleges the general average of the student body seems to me decidedly lower. All colleges in this respect, it must be said, suffer about equally. The students who come to them are the children of our contemporary civilization; they share its ideals (when it has any) and its point of view. They pathetically reflect its madness for "efficiency" or its even greater madness for pleasure.

All my conclusions and generalizations are merely one man's personal view. In a sense, every man discovers Harvard for himself. There is no cast-iron Harvard "attitude" which is forced upon the student and by which he is moulded. There is no oppressive and tyrannical Harvard "spirit" with which he must conform or else be thought disloyal by his fellows. I have known many undergraduates to spend entire evenings criticising and damning the university from the president to the humble "goodies" (who make the task of cleaning up students' rooms points of departure for gossip and deep speculation), taking in the football team, "the Gold Coast" and the "Institute" on the way. Yet it is notorious how loyal Harvard men are after graduation; in fact, this loyalty is often pushed to snobbish extremes and is back of much of that popular disfavor with which Harvard men, in many quarters, are still regarded. Harvard graduates are all too frequently intolerant of other colleges, and listen with an amusedly patronizing air to their claims. On only one thing do many Harvard men seem to be uniformly agreed: Harvard's superiority to all other colleges. But with respect to specific features, Harvard is too large and too loosely co-ordinated to permit one to dogmatize readily.

Through peculiar combinations of circumstances, I was in a somewhat better position to judge of my fellow-students' activities than were many other men. My experience, I may fairly claim, gave me excellent opportunities of judging the representative and normal sides of Harvard life. A brief outline of my career will, I think, help to explain this.

During the first half of my Freshman year I lived at my

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home in Boston, each day making the half-hour trolley-car journey to and from Cambridge. I soon learned that I was *in* Harvard but not *of* it, and at the beginning of the second half-year I removed bag and baggage to Cambridge, there to stay (except for brief vacation periods) until I had completed the necessary work for my Bachelor's degree. Although my income was not large and was often, especially in my Junior year, uncertain, I was never compelled to do "outside" work to meet my college bills. Frequently I wrote book and play reviews for Boston newspapers, but more for the fun of the thing and because I thus got free theatre-passes than for any monetary reason.

From January to June, 1910, I lived in Hollis Hall. Even if not unprecedented, this was unusual, for of late years Hollis, Stoughton and Holworthy Halls—among the oldest in "the Yard"—have been given over exclusively to Seniors. After the competitions and jealousies of the first three years it is customary for the members of the graduating class to bury their differences, to obliterate, so far as possible, social and financial distinctions, and to dwell together in academic peace and brotherly love. Hollis, Stoughton and Holworthy Halls are the Harvard undergraduates' hatchet-burying grounds. The buildings are old and rich in tradition. Over our fireplace a former inmate had pasted in big letters, "Emerson, Everett, Thoreau," names of some of the famous men who had lived in the same room before us. During the days of the Revolution the Colonial troops had been quartered in Hollis, and it was a tradition that Washington had used our room (being on the ground floor) for a consultation room. The old beams on the ceiling still remained. A steam radiator sputtered modern comfort in one corner, but on very cold nights a wood fire in the old Colonial fireplace was not ungrateful.

A Freshman in Hollis was, consequently, an anomaly and an intruder. My room-mate was a Senior,—a man who "worked his way" through college and, like all the fellows of this kind whom I knew, a man of great energy and little inclination for quiet thought. He was thus a wholesome contrast to myself. Seniors were to the right of me and to the left of me, and for some weeks I was a humble hewer of wood and carrier

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of water. In college talks, my remarks were ruled out on the ground of "insignificant speech" or "negligible conversation" (phrases used by Professor Santayana to dispose of philosophical opponents). My youthful enthusiasms and ideals were subjected to vigorous criticism. Almost priggishly puritanical, I was frequently exhorted to become "human." I was urged to acquire the human virtues of smoking and drinking—which I did in due course. My instinctive rebellions were showered by cold-water quotations from Chesterton and William James. As far as relations with women were concerned, every influence of my Senior companions was an influence toward a clean life, and in this respect I was taught a better lesson than, I am sorry to say, were many of my own class-mates. I soon found that those men who boasted of their immoral relations with women were not highly regarded at Harvard and seldom reached prominence there, but that those men who did not drink were looked upon with something like suspicion. The theory of the disillusioned Seniors was that, psychologically, a man *had* to have some vices in order to be human; it was better to have vices over which he had intellectual control, vices, moreover, which affected their possessor to the greater extent individually, and not the general social body.

Added to these forces making for disillusion, the class of 1910 had been badly rent in two by a quarrel between "the Street" or "the Gold Coast" (Mt. Auburn Street where the palatial private dormitories of Harvard are located, where live the sons of millionaires, the socially élite and the athletes) and "the Yard" (where the college dormitories are located, where live the academic bourgeoisie and "the intellectuals"). This arbitrary division of Harvard into two sections is a false division and the classes of the last three years have come more and more to feel it false, but in the spring of 1910 feeling still ran high among the Seniors and the bitterness of the struggle for the election of class-day officers—a struggle in which "the Yard" had been victorious—had not wholly subsided.

Thus every influence tended to make me sophisticated about college affairs. I came to look upon the activities and competitions of my own class as childlike. Possessed of more than my

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natural share of conceit, I also learned much about the virtue of humility. The frank comments of the Seniors did a great deal to take the wind out of my sails. In that healthy process many of my foolish enthusiasms were killed, but in return I was kindled into a sound enthusiasm for hard study. When I entered Harvard it was with the firm intention of specializing in English. I took Freshman courses in English, French, German, Latin and the history of Philosophy. After many discussions about college courses in Hollis, I hesitated. Had I better turn to Philosophy and obtain a more all-round culture?

In my Sophomore year I made the acquaintance of my own class. All of my Senior friends had of course graduated, and only a few continued on at Cambridge in the graduate schools. As far as social life life went, I had to begin my Harvard career all over again. Here once more I was in a position to view the facts with a somewhat cooler head than most of my class-mates. Social ambitions were not for me. By the initial mistake of living in obscurity (as far as my own class was concerned) during my Freshman year, and also by lack of money, I was forever barred from certain of the more well-known clubs. A great deal of one's success in the complex club system at Harvard depends upon getting a proper start. One must be very careful what one does during one's Freshman year. I had "started wrong"; nothing could retrieve the error. Therefore I had no anxieties or disappointments; I could view the social worries of my friends impersonally. Roughly speaking, I found that the clubs were detrimental to those who wanted first of all to be real students. They distracted one's attention; they placed a false emphasis on what ought to be the purely spontaneous part of college life, and they encouraged an all-too-prevalent snobbishness. Many a time I have been snubbed on the street by a man who had borrowed a note-book of me an hour before in the classroom. At first I was angered by these undemocratic exhibitions, but I soon came to view them with unconcern. I knew how worried the man was, how all-absorbed in "making" a certain club. If speaking to me was one of the things that might mitigate ever so little against his chance of success, it was useless to be finicky. Later on, when he had either "made" or

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failed " to make " the club, he would become human again.

My second year at Harvard, I lived in Weld Hall, a college dormitory in " the Yard." Most of the men there had yearly allowances ranging from $1,000 upward, and my room-mate, a man in my own class, was no exception. It was a comfortable, jolly crowd in Weld, typically " free from care, from despair."

The quality of the conversation was a distinct drop, I recall, from that which I had been fortunate enough to hear and participate in during my first year. I used to question myself late autumn nights sitting alone in the window-seat which looked out through the tops of the elms across " the Yard." Where were the old days of Hollis, around the fireside, when, to misquote Witter Bynner, we

> " Discussed the universe, a waitress and the nation
> And dismissed ideas of God with cozy, sad negation " ?

Most of *our* talk seemed nothing but bar-room or pool-room gossip, given additional vigor by quotations from the classics of modern and ancient literature.

But for all that I believe my Sophomore year was, all round, the happiest of my years in college. My courses in Economics, Philosophy and Literature were few and interesting; nor had I yet decided definitely on Philosophy or English for specialization. The Sophomore year is generally a year of dilettante enthusiasms; I had, fortunately, already outgrown mine. I was also free from the continual " knocking " of men three years older than myself. I " made " the Dramatic Club, and wrote for the college magazines—feats I am glad of even to this day. I joined the Socialist Club, not because I was a Socialist, but because the weekly talks interested me. It was a year, too, of many escapades and frequent conviviality. On three occasions (that I remember) when John, " the Yard cop," showed me the way to Weld, " the elms went up like rockets to the stars." Lift up your hands in horror, ye members of Prohibition Leagues, for I am glad of these feats too—yea, even unto this day!

My third year was a year of (for me) hard, intellectual work. I definitely decided to try for " a degree with distinction " in Philosophy. In spite of the fact that I took the maxi-

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mum number of courses allowed (six) and also prepared a special thesis for "distinction," my academic grades were higher than ever before; high enough, indeed, to make me the holder of a Harvard College scholarship during the year 1912-1913, when I was on "leave of absence." For by attending Summer School to August, 1912, I had obtained the necessary sixteen courses for a degree, and I decided not to return to Harvard during what was nominally my Senior year. This last year I have spent in New York in the respectable calling of journalism, in which I have found my Harvard habits of procrastination of little advantage. The year has, I hope, given me something of a perspective, and allows me to judge in a more balanced fashion of the activities of Harvard. Nor is a year long enough to make one forget the disagreeable things, to give them that sentimental, rose-colored hue with which older graduates oftenest look back on their undergraduate years.

[*To be continued*]

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ADVENTURES WHILE PREACHING THE GOSPEL OF BEAUTY

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

IV

In Kansas: The First Harvest

MONDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 1, 1912. A little west of Newton, Kansas. In the public library of a village whose name I forget.

Here is the story of how I came to harvest. I was by chance taking a short respite from the sunshine, last Monday noon, on the porch of the Mennonite farmer. I had had dinner further back. But the good folk asked me to come in and have dessert anyway. It transpired that one of the two harvest hands was taking his farewell meal. He was obliged to fill a contract to work further West, a contract made last year. I timidly suggested I might take his place. To my astonishment I was engaged at once. This fellow was working for two dollars a day, but I agreed to $1.75, seeing my predecessor was a skilled man and twice as big as I was. My wages, as I discovered, included three rich meals, and a pretty spare room to sleep in, and a good big bucket to bathe in nightly.

I anticipate history at this point by telling how at the end of the week my wages looked as strange to me as a bunch of unexpected ducklets to a hen. They were as curious to contemplate as a group of mischievous nieces who have come to spend the day with their embarrassed, fluttering maiden aunt.

I took my wages to Newton, and spent all on the vanities of this life. First the grandest kind of a sombrero, so I shall not be sun-struck in the next harvest-field, which I narrowly escaped in this. Next, the most indestructible of corduroys. Then I had my shoes re-soled and bought a necktie that was like the oriflamme of Navarre, and attended to several other points of vanity. I started out again, dead broke and happy. If I work

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hereafter I can send most all my wages home, for I am now in real travelling costume.

But why linger over the question of wages till I show I earned those wages?

Let me tell you of a typical wheat-harvesting day. The field is two miles from the house. We make preparations for a twelve-hour siege. Halters and a barrel of water and a heap of alfalfa for the mules, binder-twine and oil for the reaper and water-jugs for us are loaded into the spring wagon. Two mules are hitched in front, two are led behind. The new reaper was left in the field yesterday. We make haste. We must be at work by the time the dew dries. The four mules are soon hitched to the reaper and proudly driven into the wheat by the son of the old Mennonite. This young fellow carries himself with proper dignity as heir of the farm. He is a credit to the father. He will not curse the mules, though those animals forget their religion sometimes, and act after the manner of their kind. The worst he will do will be to call one of them an old cow. I suppose when he is vexed with a cow he calls it an old mule. My other companion is a boy of nineteen from a Mennonite community in Pennsylvania. He sets me a pace. Together we build the sheaves into shocks, of eight or ten sheaves each, put so they will not be shaken by an ordinary Kansas wind. The wind has been blowing nearly all the time at a rate which in Illinois would mean a thunderstorm in five minutes and sometimes the clouds loom in the thunderstorm way, yet there is not a drop of rain, and the clouds are soon gone.

In the course of the week the boy and I have wrestled with heavy ripe sheaves, heavier green sheaves, sheaves full of Russian thistles and sheaves with the string off. The boy, as he sings *The day-star hath risen,* twists a curious rope of straw and reties the loose bundles with one turn of the hand. I try, but cannot make the knot. Once all sheaves were so bound.

Much of the wheat must be cut heavy and green because there is a liability to sudden storms or hail that will bury it in mud, or soften the ground and make it impossible to drag the reaper, or hot winds that suddenly ripen the loose grain and shake it into the earth. So it is an important matter to get the

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wheat out when it is anywhere near ready. I found that two of the girls were expecting to take the place of the departing hand, if I had not arrived.

The Mennonite boy picked up two sheaves to my one at the beginning of the week. To-day I learn to handle two at a time and he immediately handles three at a time. He builds the heart of the sheaf. Then we add the outside together. He is always marching ahead and causing me to feel ashamed.

The Kansas grasshopper makes himself friendly. He bites pieces out of the back of my shirt the shape and size of the ace of spades. Then he walks into the door he has made and loses himself. Then he has to be helped out, in one way or another.

The old farmer, too stiff for work, comes out on his dancing pony and rides behind the new reaper. This reaper was bought only two days ago and he beams with pride upon it. It seems that he and his son almost swore, trying to tinker the old one. The farmer looks with even more pride upon the field, still a little green, but mostly golden. He dismounts and tests the grain, threshing it out in his hand, figuring the average amount in several typical heads. He stands off, and is guilty of an æsthetic thrill. He says of the sea of gold: "I wish I could have a photograph of that." (O eloquent word, for a Mennonite!) Then he plays at building half a dozen shocks, then goes home till late in the afternoon. We three are again masters of the field.

We are in a level part of Kansas, not a rolling range as I found it further East. The field is a floor. Hedges gradually faded from the landscape in counties several days' journey back, leaving nothing but unbroken billows to the horizon. But the hedges have been resumed in this region. Each time round the enormous field we stop at a break in the line of those untrimmed old thorn-trees. Here we rest a moment and drink from the water-jug. To keep from getting sunstruck I profanely waste the water, pouring it on my head, and down my neck to my feet. I came to this farm wearing a derby, and have had to borrow a slouch with a not-much-wider rim from the farmer. It was all the extra headgear available in this thrifty region. Because of

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that not-much-wider rim my face is sunburned all over every day. I have not yet received my wages to purchase my sombrero.

As we go round the field, the Mennonite boy talks religion, or is silent. I have caught the spirit of the farm, and sing all the hymn-tunes I can remember. Sometimes the wind turns hot. Perspiration cannot keep up with evaporation. Our skins are dry as the dryest stubble. Then we stand and wait for a little streak of cool wind. It is pretty sure to come in a minute. "That's a nice air," says the boy, and gets to work. Once it was so hot all three of us stopped five minutes by the hedge. Then it was I told them the story of the hens I met just west of Emporia.

I had met ten hens walking single-file into the town of Emporia. I was astonished to meet educated hens. Each one was swearing. I would not venture, I added, to repeat what they said.

Not a word from the Mennonites.

I continued in my artless way, showing how I stopped the next to the last hen, though she was impatient to go on. I inquired "Where are you all travelling?" She said "To Emporia." And so I asked, "Why are you swearing so?" She answered, "Don't you know about the Sunday-school picnic?" I paused in my story.

No word from the Mennonites. One of them rose rather impatiently.

I poured some water on my head and continued: "I stopped the last hen. I asked, "Why are you swearing, sister? And what about the picnic?" She replied: "These Emporia people are going to give a Sunday-school picnic day after to-morrow. Meantime all us hens have to lay devilled eggs."

"We do not laugh at jokes about swearing," said the Mennonite driver, and climbed back on to his reaper. My pardner strode solemnly out into the sun and began to pile sheaves.

Each round we study our shadows on the stubble more closely, thrilled with the feeling that noon creeps on. And now, up the road we see a bit of dust and a rig. No, it is not the woman we are looking for, but a woman with supplies for other harvesters. We work on and on, while four disappointing rigs go by. At last appears a sunbonnet we know. Our especial Mennonite maid

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is sitting quite straight on the edge of the seat and holding the lines almost on a level with her chin. She drives through the field toward us. We motion her to the gap in the hedge.

We unhitch, and lead the mules to the gap, where she joins us. With much high-minded expostulation the men try to show the mules they should eat alfalfa and not hedge-thorns. The mules are at last tied out in the sun to a wheel of the wagon, away from temptation, with nothing but alfalfa near them.

The meal is spread with delicacy, yet there is a heap of it. With a prayer of thanksgiving, sometimes said by Tilly, sometimes by one of the men, we begin to eat. To a man in a harvest-field a square meal is more thrilling than a finely-acted play.

The thrill goes not only to the toes and the finger-tips, but to the utmost ramifications of the spirit. Men indoors in offices, whose bodies actually require little, cannot think of eating enormously without thinking of sodden overeating, with condiments to rouse, and heavy meats and sweets to lull the flabby body till the last faint remnants of appetite have departed and the man is a monument of sleepy gluttony.

Eating in a harvest field is never so. Every nerve in the famished body calls frantically for reinforcements. And the nerves and soul of a man are strangely alert together. All we ate for breakfast turned to hot ashes in our hearts at eleven o'clock. I sing of the body and of the eternal soul, revived again! To feel life actually throbbing back into one's veins, life immense in passion, pulse and power, is not over-eating.

Tilly has brought us knives, and no forks. It would have been more appropriate if we had eaten from the ends of swords. We are finally recuperated from the fevers of the morning and almost strong enough for the long, long afternoon fight with the sun. Fresh water is poured from a big glittering can into the jugs we have sucked dry. Tilly reloads the buggy and is gone. After another sizzling douse of water without and within, our long afternoon pull commences.

The sun has become like a roaring lion, and we wrestle with the sheaves as though we had him by the beard. The only thing that keeps up my nerve in the dizziness is the remembrance of the old Mennonite's proverb at breakfast that as long as a man can

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eat and sweat he is safe. My hands inside my prickling gloves seem burning off. The wheat beards there are like red-hot needles. But I am still sweating a little in the chest, and the Mennonite boy is cheerfully singing:

> "When I behold the wondrous cross
> On which the Prince of Glory died,
> My richest gain I count but loss
> And pour contempt on all my pride."

Two-thirds round the field, methinks the jig is up. Then the sun is hidden by a friend of ours in the sky, just the tiniest sort of a cloud and we march on down the rows. The merciful little whiff of dream follows the sun for half an hour.

The most terrible heat is at half-past two. Somehow we pull through till four o'clock. Then we say to ourselves: "We can stand this four-o'clock heat, because we have stood it hotter."

'Tis a grim matter of comparison. We speed up a little and trot a little as the sun reaches the top of the western hedge. A bit later the religious hired man walks home to do the chores. I sing down the rows by myself. It is glorious to work now. The endless reiterations of the day have developed a certain dancing rhythm in one's nerves, one is intoxicated with his own weariness and the conceit that comes with seizing the sun by the mane, like Sampson.

It is now that the sun gracefully acknowledges his defeat. He shows through the hedge as a great blur, that is all. Then he becomes a mist-wrapped golden mountain that some fairy traveller might climb in enchanted shoes. This sun of ours is no longer an enemy, but a fantasy, a vision and a dream.

Now the elderly proprietor is back on his dancing pony. He is following the hurrying reaper in a sort of ceremonial fashion, delighted to see the wheat go down so fast. At last this particular field is done. We finish with a comic-tragedy. Some little rabbits scoot, panic-stricken, from the last few yards of still-standing grain. The old gentleman on horseback and his son afoot soon out-manœuvre the lively creatures. We have rabbit for supper at the sacrifice of considerable Mennonite calm.

It was with open rejoicing on the part of all that we finished

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the field nearest the house, the last one, by Saturday noon. The boy and I had our own special thrill in catching up with the reaper, which had passed by us so often in our rounds. As the square in mid-field grows smaller the reaper has to turn oftener, and turning uses up much more time than at first appears.

The places where the armies of wheat-sheaves are marshalled are magic places, despite their sweat and dust. There is nothing small in the panorama. All the lines of the scene are epic. The binder-twine is invisible, and has not altered the eternal classic form of the sheaf. There is a noble dignity and ease in the motion of a new reaper on a level field. A sturdy Mennonite devotee marching with a great bundle of wheat under each arm and reaching for a third makes a picture indeed, an essay on sunshine beyond the brush of any impressionist. Each returning day while riding to the field, when one has a bit of time to dream, one feels these things. One feels also the essentially patriarchal character of the harvest. One thinks of the Book of Ruth, and the Jewish feasts of ingathering. All the new Testament parables ring in one's ears, parables of sowing and reaping, of tares and good grain, of Bread and of Leaven and the story of the Disciples plucking corn. As one looks on the half-gathered treasure he thinks on the solemn words: "For the Bread of God is that which cometh down out of Heaven and giveth life unto the World," and the rest of that sermon on the Bread of Life, which has so many meanings.

This Sunday before breakfast, I could fully enter into the daily prayers, that at times had appeared merely quaint to me, and in my heart I said "Amen" to the special thanksgiving the patriarch lifted up for the gift of the fruit of the land. I was happy indeed that I had had the strength to bear my little part in the harvest of a noble and devout household, as well as a hand in the feeding of the wide world.

What I, a stranger, have done in this place, thirty thousand strangers are doing just a little to the west. We poor tramps are helping to garner that which reëstablishes the nations. If only for a little while we have bent our backs over the splendid furrows, to save a shining gift that would otherwise rot, or vanish away.

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THURSDAY AFTERNOON, JULY FOURTH, 1912. In the shadow of a lonely windmill between Raymond and Ellinwood, Kansas.

I arrived hot and ravenous at Raymond about eleven A. M. on this glorious Independence Day, having walked twelve miles facing a strange wind. At first it seemed fairly cool, because it travelled at the rate of an express train. But it was really hot and alkaline, and almost burnt me up. I had had for breakfast a cooky, some raisins and a piece of cheese, purchased with my booklet of rhymes at a grocery. By the time I reached Raymond I was fried and frantic.

The streets were deserted. I gathered from the station-master that almost everyone had gone to the Dutch picnic in the grove near Ellinwood. The returns for the Johnson-Flynn fight were to be received there beneath the trees, and a potent variety of dry-state beverage was to flow free. The unveracious station-master declared this beverage was made of equal parts iron-rust, patent medicine and rough-on-rats, added to a barrel of brown rain-water. He appeared to be prejudiced against it.

I walked down the street. Just as I had somehow anticipated, I spied out a certain type of man. He was alone in his restaurant and I crouched my soul to spring. The only man left in town is apt to be a soft-hearted party. "Here, as sure as my name is tramp, I will wrestle with a defenceless fellow-being."

Like many a restaurant in Kansas, it was a sort of farm-hand's Saturday night paradise. If a man cannot loaf in a saloon he will loaf in a restaurant. Then certain problems of demand and supply arise according to circumstances and circumlocutions.

I obtained leave for the ice-water without wrestling. I almost emptied the tank. Then, with due art, I offered to recite twenty poems to the solitary man, a square meal to be furnished at the end, if the rhymes were sufficiently fascinating.

Assuming a judicial attitude on the lunch-counter stool he put me in the arm-chair by the ice-chest and told me to unwind myself. As usual, I began with *The Proud Farmer, The Illinois Village* and *The Building of Springfield,* which three in series contain my whole gospel, directly or by implication. Then I

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wandered on through all sorts of rhyme. He nodded his head like a mandarin at the end of each recital. Then he began to get dinner. He said he liked my poetry, and he was glad I came in, for he would feel more like getting something to eat himself. I sat on and on by the ice-chest while he prepared a meal more heating than the morning wind or the smell of fire-crackers in the street. First, for each man, a slice of fried ham large enough for a whole family. Then French fried potatoes by the platterful. Then three fried eggs apiece. There was milk with cream on top to be poured from a big granite bucket as we desired it. There was a can of beans with tomato sauce. There was sweet apple-butter. There were canned apples. There was a pot of coffee. I moved over from the ice-chest and we talked and ate till half-past one. I began to feel that I was solid as an iron man and big as a Colossus of Rhodes. I would like to report our talk, but this letter must end somewhere. I agreed with my host's opinions on everything but the temperance question. He did not believe in *total* abstinence. On that I remained non-committal. Eating as I had, how could I take a stand against my benefactor even though the issue were the immortal one of man's sinful weakness for drink? The ham and ice water were going to my head as it was. And I could have eaten more. I could have eaten a fat Shetland pony.

My host explained that he also travelled at times, but did not carry poetry. He gave me much box-car learning. Then, curious to relate, he dug out maps and papers, and showed me how to take up a claim in Oregon, a thing I did not in the least desire to do. God bless him in basket and in store, afoot or at home.

This afternoon the ham kept on frying within me, not uncomfortably. I stopped and drank at every windmill. Now it is about four o'clock in the afternoon and I am in the shadow of one more. I have found a bottle which just fits my hip pocket which I have washed and will use as a canteen henceforth. When one knows he has his drink with him, he does not get so thirsty.

But I have put down little to show you the strange intoxication that has pervaded this whole day. The inebriating character of the air and the water and the intoxication that comes with the

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very sight of the windmills spinning alone, and the elation that comes with the companionship of the sun and the gentleness of the occasional good Samaritans are not easily conveyed in words. When one's spirit is just right for this sort of thing it all makes as good an Independence Day as folks are having anywhere in this United States, even at Ellinwood.

THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1912. In the office of the Ellinwood livery stable in the morning.

Everyone came home drunk from the Dutch picnic last night. Ellinwood roared and Ellinwood snorted. I reached the place from the east just as the noisy revellers arrived from the south.

Ellinwood is an old German town full of bar-rooms, forced by the sentiment of the dry voters in surrounding territory to turn into restaurants, but only of late. The bar-fixtures are defiantly retained. Ever and anon Ellinwood takes to the woods with malicious intent.

Many of the citizens were in a mad-dog fury because Flynn had not licked Johnson. This town seems to be of the opinion that that battle was important. The proprietor of the most fashionable hotel monopolized the 'phone on his return from the woods. He called up everybody in town. His conversation was always the same. "What'd ya think of the fight?" And without waiting for answer: "I'll bet one hundred thousand dollars that Flynn can lick Johnson in a fair fight. It's a disgrace to this nation that black rascal kin lay hands on a white man. I'll bet a hundred thousand dollars. . . . A hundred thousand dollars . . ," etc.

I sat a long time waiting for him to get through. At last I put in my petition at another hostelrie. This host was intoxicated, but gentle. In exchange for what I call the squarest kind of a meal I recited the most cooling verses I knew to a somewhat distracted, rather alcoholic company of harvest hands. First I recited a poem in praise of Lincoln and then one in praise of the uplifting influence of the village church. Then, amid qualified applause, I distributed my tracts, and retreated to this stable for the night.

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KANSAS

O, I have walked in Kansas
Through many a harvest field
And piled the sheaves of glory there
And down the wild rows reeled:

Each sheaf a little yellow sun,
A heap of hot-rayed gold;
Each binder like Creation's hand
To mould suns, as of old.

Straight overhead the orb of noon
Beat down with brimstone breath:
The desert wind from south and west
Was blistering flame and death.

Yet it was gay in Kansas,
A-fighting that strong sun;
And I and many a fellow-tramp
Defied that wind and won.

And we felt free in Kansas
From any sort of fear,
For thirty thousand tramps like us
There harvest every year.

She stretches arms for them to come,
She roars for helpers then,
And so it is in Kansas
That tramps, one month, are men.

We sang in burning Kansas
The songs of Sabbath-school,
The "Day Star" flashing in the East,
The "Vale of Eden" cool.

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We sang in splendid Kansas
" The flag that set us free "—
That march of fifty thousand men
With Sherman to the sea.

We feasted high in Kansas
And had much milk and meat.
The tables groaned to give us power
Wherewith to save the wheat.

Our beds were sweet alfalfa hay
Within the barn-loft wide.
The loft-doors opened out upon
The endless wheat-field tide.

I loved to watch the wind-mills spin
And watch that big moon rise.
I dreamed and dreamed with lids half-shut,
The moonlight in my eyes.

For all men dream in Kansas
By noonday and by night,
By sunlight yellow, red and wild
And moonrise wild and white.

The wind would drive the glittering clouds,
The cottonwoods would croon,
And past the sheaves and through the leaves
Came whispers from the moon.

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BROTHERS

EDWIN DAVIES SCHOONMAKER

DID you ever stop to think of the meaning of these two, the Street and the Avenue? Or imagine that there might be a meaning beyond what you see as you rush to your work in the morning and hurry back home at night? Any city would serve just as well, but let us take New York. And let us select some hour between eight o'clock and midnight when business is over and the mind is free to consider the heart of things. And let us take our stand on any one of the hundred and fifty corners where the Street intersects the Avenue. Everyone knows that there is in reality only one Avenue in New York, and that the other so-called avenues are nothing more than streets that have been called avenues for the sake of convenience, because they happen to run parallel with the famous One. A street has a particular character and an avenue has a particular character, and you cannot change their characters by an interchange of names. And so it is of the One Avenue I am speaking. As for the Street—though there are many streets with many names, they are one in character, and so I shall call them the Street. Now let us start here at Twenty-third Street—we might have started at Washington Square just as well—and walk up the Avenue and stop on any corner you choose. It makes no difference. The story will pass you just the same. Here we are at Twenty-ninth Street. Shall we take this one? Then let us walk on. Any one you choose, remember. Thirty-seventh Street? Very well.

Now before the two men reach us who are approaching, the one from far up the Avenue, the other from far over coming eastward along the Street, let us look at the city for a moment as a focus of world forces. For, unless we do, we shall not get the meaning we are after. And let us remember that for the time being our eyes are unveiled.

Do you not see, in the first place, that the Avenue does not begin at Washington Square and end at One Hundred and Twentieth Street, but that it runs on and on through every city in the

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world? And that the Street does not begin at North River and end at East River, but that it too runs through every city in the world? And do you not see, in the second place, that this thing which we call the Ages is simply our immeasurably long Avenue intersected by an infinite number of streets? Note, too, that the One, as far as you can see it, as far as Babylon, is thick with royal lamps and smoothly paven for cushioned vehicles, while the other, as far as Memphis in Egypt, is a half-lighted canyon paved with cobble stones for drays and wagons, with here and there cans of uncollected garbage standing near the curb? Is it not clear that these are the thoroughfares respectively of the two classes, the leisure class and the working class? Does it seem strange that they do not understand one another when they see each other only for a moment at the crossings as they go their way, the one toward the pleasure places and satiety, the other toward the factories and want? And is it any wonder that the toilers revolt now and then at the crossings and make trouble? Does it seem to you at all remarkable, coming as they apparently do from different quarters of the horizon, that they should have forgotten that the sky is one and that they are brothers?

Look far up where the number of streets runs into the thousands, into the five thousand and the six thousand, far up where the stars come down and mingle with the remote lamps, do you not see the builders of the Pyramids, the laborers I mean, waiting there on the corner till the chariots of the Pharaohs have passed along the Avenue? And do you see, farther down, where the Helots, the tillers of the soil, are being beaten back by the Spartans, the owners of the land? And farther down, where the hordes of hungry Plebeians are battling with the Patricians, the masters of Rome? And farther still, Wat Tyler and the serfs rioting against the landlords of England? And there, at the crossing where the lamps are broken out and the palaces show marks of conflict, look how the Nobles of the Avenue flee before the Street men of France! Do you not see that they extend round the world and through all time, these two thoroughfares, and that here and there is an historic corner?

But this is the corner that concerns us. And who knows but this too may become historic? For we must not imagine that

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history is something dead and gone and not also something that is being made from day to day. And here are the two men approaching.

If you should step into a certain small exclusive Club on the upper Avenue about twelve o'clock to-night and ask the Frenchman, who takes charge of the hats and canes, who the young man is who just entered the Library and who seems to be looking for some one, he would look you over and possibly inform you that it is Mr. Despard. And if you had lived long in New York, or even though you were a stranger, if you had been at all interested in the doings of the Four Hundred, you would at once say, " Ah, Chauncey Despard, son of Morgan Despard, the well-known banker." And you would probably recall that this is the young man who captured most of the prizes in the Horse Show in Madison Square Garden this year. No doubt it was this fondness for horses that made him step to the curb just now to watch the Cadwalder bays go by. Or was it that he thought it might be Jack driving? Jack and he and the others are to meet to-night to finish that little affair that has been going on for a week now. He feels in his pocket. Yes, he has not forgotten. He remembers now that when he was changing his clothes he laid the eighty-five dollars on the chiffonier and then, happening to think of what was on, took another six hundred from the roll in the drawer. The little affair is still five or six hours off and the eighty-five will run him that long, now that he is going to have dinner with his aunt. This thought, you see, quickens his step, for he must have an appetite. That is why he has walked, walked past the house even. It would never do for his rich aunt to think he is delicate and short-lived as another nephew has intimated. He would live long enough for that, he would show him. But he must get more sleep. He wonders how the Baron always manages to hold such clever hands. Two thousand dollars is no little thing. And when the roll is gone and he has to go to his father again—But that is in the future, and the future is something that does not exist to Chauncey Despard. And anyway it has lasted longer than the other lasted, and there is possibly four or five hundred in the drawer still. And there is always money to be had in other places, for his aunt is past eighty.

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Now what has happened? But it was only for a moment. You see he walks on again.

Beastly American gloves! The English never rip so. And how they stick to the fingers! He will send his chauffeur in again for gloves. Whether he told him or not, he ought to have known better. More graft probably. He has got it off now. He walks to the curb and drops it, as one drops an orange peel, into the gutter. Ah, the Van Pelts have got home! There is a light in Cornelia's window. He will just step in and let her know what a pleasant surprise it was for him. He takes an angle across the Avenue, pulling off the other glove as he goes. What a beautiful woman! And was that Sherman Dandridge? Then it must be that London woman the Baron was talking about the other night. They would probably be at Sherry's after the Opera. He would drop in for a moment before the game. He stands on the edge of the pavement and stares after the Limousine. Deucedly beautiful woman! He does not look up to the lighted window any more, but instead takes from the gold case Cornelia had given him one of his initialled cigarettes and slipping it into the engagement finger of the glove tosses it up to the Van Pelt door. The Butler would find it in the morning and understand. And anyway Cornelia would probably be tired tonight.

He will say nothing to his aunt about the Van Pelts being home. Deucedly beautiful woman! He wonders if the Baron knows her.

Now he comes straight on and you can see what he looks like. Hat proper, cane proper, linen and socks, if you could see them, right out of their London wrappings and with that smell about them, don't you know. Rather weak face, yes. But skin fine as a baby's. It is wonderful what they do with human flesh these days, what with baths and costly ointments and delicate fingers. And that body has doubtless been gone over many times by foreign masseuses. And the face, yes, weakened probably by the process, but neither himself nor his set would know this.

He has noticed some one in the Club there. You see he taps on the window with his cane, then comes forward and

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greets cordially the dapper stranger who has just stepped from the cab. He does not say, "Pardon my glove." But the other does: "Pardonnez le gant." A boy in uniform comes from the Club. Despard keeps him waiting while he talks, speaks with his friend.

"Je croyais que vous aviez parti hier."

He hands the boy a bill. "Some gloves," says he. And the boy is off.

You will say the shops are not open at this hour. Have you forgotten that this is the Avenue? And, shut or not shut, this is Chauncey Despard. You will see the boy return presently, and they will be English gloves and of the proper size.

But let us leave him there waiting for his gloves and talking with Prince Casimir Rochambeau, who came over to his brother's wedding last week and who, if you have read even the first page of the papers, was booked to return on the *Lusitania* yesterday. For it is of the Paris section of the Avenue that they will talk, and it is the New York section that concerns us just now. And here along the Street comes the young workman.

Ah, this is the young fellow who was talking with the longshoreman down at the Houston Street docks the other day. I am glad it happens to be he, for this is an interesting case. I do not mean interesting in the sense of exceptional, for there are thousands in the city to-night, scores of whom I have talked with and could call by their first names, who are thinking much the same thoughts as he is thinking as he comes along there, though not one in a hundred has the courage to approach the Avenue when the well-dressed people are passing. And I should never have guessed that he would be bolder than the ninety-nine. For you will see when he enters the brightness of the Avenue that there is a pride in his bearing and that his face is an unusually sensitive one. He is evidently on some strange mission.

He has been in New York three years. Comes from a little town out in Ohio, I believe he said. Had a job as an Express driver over in Jersey till the strike came on. Then, for a year, he was a conductor on one of the surface lines of the city until he was discharged for having bought a uniform from another conductor who had given up his job, instead of buying it, at

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double the price, from the Company, as the Rules require. Since then he has been doing odds and ends, he told the longshoreman, mixing mortar, working in the sewer, unloading lumber-boats up in Harlem until six weeks ago. Then there was one of those silences between the two men that goes right through you if you know what it means. And as he passed on to continue his hunt I noticed that his shoes were worn from long tramping.

Did you see him turn then when the man on the wagon called "Joe"? He thought for a moment it might be one of the Jersey boys who had found where he could get a job. You see he starts back, then stands until it is clear that it was not he the driver was calling.

He is half glad it was not one of the Jersey boys. He would probably have said, "I saw Katie yesterday and she was asking about you. Why in the hell do you treat the girl that way, Joe? If I had a girl like Katie I'd marry her to-morrow." And that is what the letter in his pocket says. "Why do you treat me so? I never loved a man till I saw you, Joe. And we could be so happy together. Why do you never write me? I am coming over to Mass in the morning and will wait for you at the corner where we met when we went to Coney. And I'm going to wait, Joe, if it's all day."

You see he lifts his chin as though he would keep his head above something that is overwhelming him, and looks eagerly toward the bar-room as he passes. If he could have raised more on the cuff-buttons he would drink something to-night, something strong, four or five glasses of it. But he has only the price of the ferry in his pocket. God, if he had only landed something! At least Katie should never know. She would probably wait till ten or eleven o'clock, then go back home as though nothing had occurred, except that she would wonder always.

And Bill too, his room-mate, would wonder. He would be getting home shortly. He would go in and light the gas and look the first thing if there was any word from Nellie about her sick child. And when he had read the card on the bureau he would begin humming the little song they heard at the Pictures last week. Then he would take off his overalls and lay his money out on the bed, ten dollars and a half less a beer and his

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car-fare. And he would lay it out in little piles. Two dollars and a half for Mrs. Zinsky and two dollars for Nellie and one dollar for Joe. That would leave five. Then forty cents for his washing and the eighty-five he owed George Batesta. And he would figure it all out as he washed up, what he had to have and where they could go this week. He would like to hear that man sing again. And he would comb his hair and put on his coat and hat and wonder where Joe could be. And if he were there he would say, "Come on, Joe, let's go over to Tony's and have something to eat." Now he would slip the dollar under the brush and go out in the hall and knock at Mrs. Zinsky's door to pay the rent. And Mrs. Zinsky would say, "Joe paid it for this week, a little while ago." And Bill would be surprised and glad, glad he had found work. And he would go out and stand on the sidewalk and look up and down, jingling the silver in his pocket.

What a wonderful thing money is! He had never understood it till now. Why a girl can lay a nickel down on a counter and get a loaf of bread, a long loaf! And here about the street stands are women buying vegetables and fruits, their net-bags filled to bursting. And in the butcher shops are men buying meat, tripe and liver and even steak! And children are running with pennies to the candy stores. For it is Saturday night, and all over the three hundred and odd square miles of the city are people with money in their pockets, from a hundred dollars—though he doubts if that can really be—down to the thirty that the manager makes over in Jersey. He remembers the eighteen he himself made that one week up in Harlem when he worked over time. And the others, millions of them, with fifteen, ten and a half, nine, seven, four fifty, three, to the one seventy-five that the boy in the tailor shop told him he made. Wonderful! He had really never understood it before. What had he ever done with the thirteen dollars a week that he once made?

You see he lifts his chin again that way as though he would keep his head above something. And he comes on dumbly, with no thought at all, but with a feeling of terrible loneliness. And now it begins again.

He is glad he paid Mrs. Zinsky, though his sleeves hang

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loose about the wrists. He is sure Katie would understand if she knew. She had once said that he was the squarest man she had ever known or ever heard of. And she would be coming across on the ferry in the morning and would stand by the rail with her prayer book in her hand, looking down into the waters. That was why he was going to the other river. God, if he had only landed something!

Now what has he found? He goes toward the edge of the pavement. Ah, the paper bag which the man threw down who passed eating the bananas. He folds it up and puts it in his side pocket. He will slip a cobble-stone into it. He knows where there is a pile of them over toward the ferry where they were repairing the street that day when he passed along hunting work. And it is Saturday night and others will be getting on with packages, and so no one will suspect what he has. And over toward the other side, when the people have gone to the prow for the landing, he will slip over the rail, clasping the cobble-stone to his breast.

If only some one would come along, as the man did up on Amsterdam that day, and say, "My man, I have four tons of coal over here that I want shovelled in"; and then say, "That's a good job. I was just trying you out. I have a coal yard and from now on you'll have steady work at a dollar and a half a day." Even the thought of it makes his flesh tingle and his blood run quickly along his veins. But you see he walks on, one block, two blocks, three blocks, and the man does not appear.

Now that he has come into the radiance of the Avenue do you not see that, in spite of his appearance, there is a pride in his bearing and that his face is an unusually sensitive one? You see he has his pipe in his hand, for tobacco, if it be strong, has much the same bracing effect as whiskey. He stops on the corner till the vehicles pass. He will cross presently. But just now he looks up the Avenue. He does not see what we see, the Pharaohs, the Cæsars, the Bourbons with their immense retinues trailing over all times and all lands, and filling the Avenue even of the New World with this splendid pageant. But as far as he does see he questions the lamps, questions the vehicles, questions the miles of palaces as to what it all means. He has forgotten

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that his cuffs are loose, forgotten that his clothes are threadbare, and that the soles of his feet touch the pavement. He has even forgotten that police patrol the Avenue to put questions to such as he.

Let us remember, as I have said, that we are watching history in the making, and that the question which this Street man is putting to the Avenue will be put again and yet again until it is answered.

But here comes Chauncey Despard with his cane under his arm and with his fingers up, putting on his English gloves. He will walk down a few blocks further, then turn back, for the appetite is beginning to stir now. He half wishes he were sailing for London with the Prince to-morrow. But now that Cornelia has returned—and that other! Why did he not think to ask the Prince? He would probably have known something about her. But he will get away just as soon as he can after dinner. He will have some appointment or other. And he will have his chauffeur drive down and he will run over to the Metropolitan and see if they are there. And if they are not, he will make the rounds of two or three quiet places, then back up to Sherry's along about midnight, for Sherman Dandridge will be wanting to show her off. But he will hold himself in and not drink anything to-night, or at most not more than two or three Martinis, one in each place, and so keep his head clear. Possibly that is how the Baron manages it.

"Have you a match, brother?"

You see he stops and takes his cane in his hand.

"What was that?"

"Have you a match?"

There is evidently something in the man's voice, for Chauncey Despard does not often stop for things of this sort. The matches are under his bills, but he gets one and hands it to him. He does not say "You are welcome" when the man says "Thank you!" For he is off again, wondering if Sherman Dandridge will beckon him over and introduce him. But he must be turning back now. What was that the man called him, "brother"? He is amused at the familiarity of the lower classes. Even the Baron has never called him that, nor Prince

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Rochambeau. But he is glad the man stopped him. For it has just occurred to him that the time he made that big winning in London he started with seven hundred. He will 'phone Albert, his valet, and have him send it down. But he must keep his head clear. And yes, he must manage somehow to meet her.

And the other? Do you see how he hurries along, now that he has crossed the Avenue, as though he had put his past behind him? He takes a letter from his pocket, you see, and tears it into infinitely small bits and throws them into the garbage can, hurrying along the while.

Will some workman meet him off yonder toward the river and understand that it is not a match he wants?

WHISPERS

LYMAN BRYSON

SOFT black against the sky, whose evening green
Is sharp and pale with autumn chill, the towers
Go swinging up with many yellow eyes.
One star shows at the skyline, facet-keen,
And in the close of their enslaved hours
The crowds creep on the pavements, insect-wise.

Out over moving workers, whispers go
Like the insistent quiet, secret tone
Of thought to thought, across an ocean heard.
Why is there never one, of those who know,
To catch the heavy meaning of that moan
And feel the godhead in his spirit stirred?

Have we not asked you the secret,
You, who are high and serene?
Have we not ventured for wisdom
Falling in chasms between?

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Have we not sent up our prayers,
Inarticulate—begging for speech?
What have you done to bring beauty,
Or love of it nearer our reach?

Out of the whirl we are clamorous,
What have we heard that was sweet?
What fire is brought to our spirit?
What torch is set for our feet?

Guideless and hopeless we follow—
Why should you wince from our fall?
You have not beckoned above us;
Can it be Heaven is small?

These faces move live bubbles on a tide
Breaking upon eager trolley cars,
And vanishing like bubbles on a beach.
But may there not in these film bubbles ride
Strange ancient greatness in dim avatars,
Struggling in such whispers for its speech?

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THE CLEAN SLATE

CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

THE door of her bedroom opened abruptly. Virginia looked up from the trunk she was packing and for a moment she could not speak. Her throat seemed contracted. She stared as if she beheld one risen from the dead. Suddenly she found her voice.

"Shelby!" she whispered intensely. Then she sprang from her knees, heedless of the trinkets she was packing, and ran to him, throwing her arms about his neck, pressing him with her fingers as if to assure herself that he was really flesh and blood, gazing at him through tears as if she could not realize that it was indeed her husband.

Then with a quick movement she drew him inside the door of her shabby room, quickly locked it behind them and turned off the flaring gas jet so that only the gray light of dawn, stealing through the drawn curtains, illumined the chamber.

Again she flung her arms about his neck and they kissed like lovers who had been separated for eternities. All at once she slipped out of his embrace and held him at arms' length, her hands on his shoulders while she looked up at him.

"Shelby!" she whispered again, but this time her tones were low from caution rather than excitement. "Why are you here? Have you— Did you escape?"

Shelby Stryker returned his wife's gaze with eyes that appeared to be starved for the sight of a beloved face. They were the deep-set eyes of one who has thought much and suffered much in solitude, and they accorded well with the gaunt and rugged features of the man. It was almost the face of an ascetic, one who has struggled with himself in the wilderness. He was sunburned, and his spare, muscular figure seemed to suggest that the corduroys and khaki shirt of the western engineer would have been a more appropriate costume than the quiet gray business suit which he wore. In his easy poise and tanned countenance there was none of the prison taint, the hang-dog droop or

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the unhealthy pallor, which is the mark of the convict but recently set free.

Her grasp on his shoulders tightened spasmodically. "Tell me, did you escape? Or—" Her voice broke— "Did they pardon you? Oh, Shelby, are you free again?"

His words came slowly as if speech were not his readiest mode of expression. "No," he replied, "I'm not free, not pardoned, but I didn't escape. I'm not that sort of a fool; I'm paroled. The Governor gave me thirty days' leave to go to Washington. Didn't you read all about it in the papers?"

The reaction had left her weak and the woman's girlish figure relaxed. She sank upon the unmade bed, drawing the man after her, and they sat there face to face, holding hands, just a trifle constrained in the unfamiliarity which three years of absence had brought about.

"Tell me about it," she said. "No, I haven't seen the papers for a long time. The mails have been tied up for weeks on account of the floods in the valley."

"It was my invention," he began; "the generator; you know the one I mean, the machine I was working on so hard before I was sent—before we were separated."

"I know, I remember, that splendid idea of yours that you could never get just right. How hard we worked over it, together, you and I! Your workshop was full of blue prints and models, that were almost a success but never just right."

"It's just right now," he interrupted. "The generator is a success. One little point that I'd overlooked for all this time occurred to me while I was serving my sentence."

"Oh, isn't it splendid!" she exclaimed. The enthusiasm of the inventor's co-laborer had made her forget for a moment her other rôle in the tragedy of life, the wife of a convict.

"It's all right," he remarked briefly. "The model works perfectly. There's power there, cheap power; enough to run the factories of the world and light its cities for almost nothing. Just a fraction of what light and power cost at present. Yes, it's a big one all right."

"And you made the model in prison, in your cell?"

"Not in my cell. After the reform administration changed

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things at the pen, I was taken off the rock pile, given decent clothes, overalls and a shirt instead of those damned stripes, and they found a job for me helping with the machinery. That's Governor Stone's policy. Treat the prisoners like men, cut out that convict stripe that makes a person feel like—oh, I can't tell you what it feels like, Virginia, but it's hell. Then the brutes that were allowed to insult us, graft on us, hang us up by the wrists—oh, well, what's the use? Those fellows were all removed and a white man put in charge of the prison, a real man that you can respect; white clean through. That's George Scovil."

The man paused and the girl said no word, listening with indrawn breath. Stryker resumed thoughtfully, "That's why he was such a success. The boys all respected him, they couldn't help it. Scovil respects himself, he's not the sort of a man to take advantage of a fellow because he's down and out, helpless, under his feet. He respects himself too much to graft on a convict and that's more than you can say of many a warden. And he respected us. By God, I believe that's the secret. You can't reform a convict, you can't reform anybody unless you respect him for the manhood that's buried in him somewhere."

He passed his hand across his forehead like one who has solved an abstract problem, then drew a long breath and threw his shoulders back. "Well, that's how I got off the rock pile and found a job in the engine room. Scovil tried to find work for every man that would bring out the best that was in a fellow." He smiled whimsically. "Some of those beefy chaps that have nothing to be proud of but their biceps are pounding rock yet and trying to break each other's records in that sport."

"And so they let you have tools and a place to build your model in your spare time?"

"Yes, that's just how it came about, and maybe it wasn't like beefsteak to a hungry man for me to be at my own work again!"

"And then——?"

"Well, I'd been thinking about my old models all the time I was hammering rock and all of a sudden I seemed to put my finger on the weak spot. I built two models in prison. The first

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was a little crude device but I was sure I had the right idea at last. The second was larger, a miniature power producer, you understand, not a toy, and it delivered the goods."

The girl's eyes sparkled, she pressed his strong hands in her little soft ones and exclaimed, "I knew it, Shelby! I knew you'd be famous some day! Oh, I'm so glad!"

"Yes, there's money in it too, more money than you've ever seen piled up in the bank, but as far as that goes I have other inventions blocked out, plenty of them, and any one of them would make a man comfortable for life if it was patented."

"And this big one, the generator. You have the patent on it?" Once more the inventor's wife was uppermost in the girl's character.

"Yes, that's how I happen to be here. Scovil saw my machine, saw it work and thought that it was pretty good stuff. Then he studied up the principles of it and when he thought of its possibilities, it took his breath away. He brought his wife in from the warden's house to look at it, and one of her friends came along, Mrs. Leavitt, a splendid woman. She was visiting the penitentiary to study the honor system that Governor Stone put in practice. She is a woman who counts with the administration, the brain of a man, a big man, and a heart as tender as—as yours. She was enthusiastic over the generator after I'd explained the principles of it, and that's a wonder too, for you know what a chump I am when it comes to explaining things to strangers. The next thing I heard was that this woman had gone to the Governor with the story of my machine and then,—but wait a minute. It's all told in one of these clippings better than I can tell it."

He drew a large black letter case from his pocket and produced the clipping. "Read it," he said with a smile; "it's mainly true, although it is reported by the newspaper that is fighting Governor Stone tooth and nail."

Virginia glanced rapidly over the headlines:

"WOMAN'S PLEA MOVES SOLONS.
CONVICT STRYKER'S CASE BEFORE LEGISLATURE.
MRS. LEAVITT'S SPEECH WINS PAROLE FOR CRIMINAL."

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In the caustic paragraphs which followed, full of sneers for the "maudlin sentimentality" of the legislators, was told the story of how the law-makers had listened with enthusiasm to Mrs. Leavitt's plea for humane treatment of convicts; how Shelby Stryker's story was told to prove that the prison may hold men capable of service to the world if properly handled; how the Legislature had unanimously voted to request the Governor for a thirty day parole for Shelby Stryker so that he could go to the patent office in Washington and protect his rights on his amazing invention.

"I couldn't have gotten my patent without going there myself," Stryker observed. "There were principles in the machine that were new to the patent office people and they were ready to class the generator with the perpetual motion devices and turn down the application, if I hadn't been able to demonstrate it. But it's all right now, the patents will be allowed, and——"

"And now you must go back to the prison?" Once more the girl's arms were about her husband's neck and the lips of the lovers met.

Gently he disengaged himself. "Yes, I've got to go back, the time is almost up: I rushed the work in Washington, hoping to steal a day or two with you, although that is not included in the parole. By rights I should have gone back by the straightest route, but when I read that the floods down in the valley were growing more serious every day, I decided to come anyhow and make sure that you were safe."

"Yes, the water has been rising right along, and the mails have been delayed for some time. That's why your letters failed to reach me. I haven't been in any real danger from the floods, though, but I got so tired of the confusion and discomfort that I had decided to go back home to Canada. I was just packing when you came. I have my ticket and now that the trains are running again I will be able to leave to-day. I wish you could come."

There was a silence between them for a few moments. With her last words, an idea had formed in the minds of both: *"Why not?"*

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They looked at each other steadily without speaking, and each read the other's thoughts.

"God! Virginia, how I wish I could! You don't know what this separation means to me."

Suddenly she burst into wild sobbing and clung to him as if she could not let him go. "Don't I know! Oh, Shelby, Shelby, why can't you come with me? You have a chance now. Let's take it. Everything is in an uproar in the town, people coming and going, refugees leaving in every direction, and even if detectives were following you it would be easy to slip away and you would be free. Think of the long three years you must serve before you are free again! Let's take the chance."

The idea so suddenly presented to him carried the man off his feet. He staggered physically and morally. "We could do it," he said, half to himself. "There are no detectives following me, that was part of the bargain. We could slip away to Canada under a false name, and I could easily find work and lose myself. As for the generator, why let that go. I've plenty of other inventions up my sleeve that would make a fortune for us. Oh, girl, how I've wanted you these three years!"

"We'll do it, Shelby! I'll slip out and get another ticket and in a few hours we can be on our way north and we will never have to separate again. We can go to one of the big cities, Montreal or Quebec, or perhaps to the great North-west, where there are so many strangers and no one has time to ask questions, and we will take a fresh start in a new country. We will begin life with a clean slate!"

His eyes brightened as he regarded her and the gloom was gone from his face of sorrow.

Virginia's bright face clouded for a moment, and a shade of fear came into her brown eyes. "Shelby, are you sure there are no detectives following you?"

"No," he answered briefly, "I'm out on honor."

There was a knock of hard knuckles on the door. The lovers started as if they heard the pursuing footsteps of the law and sprang apart. Then Virginia motioned her husband to stand to one side as she opened the door a little and looked out. A bony hand was thrust into the room holding a

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mass of letters and newspapers. "Please, ma'm." It was the maid of all work. "Here's the mail just got in. It looks good to see letters from home again, don't it?"

Virginia thanked the girl and dismissed her as soon as possible. She dropped the mail on the table and locked the door. Once more the lovers regarded each other, but the light had gone out of their faces. The interruption at the moment of the ecstatic planning had brought them back to earth again. Moreover Shelby's last words, "I'm out on honor," still echoed in the minds of both.

Yet she continued her pleading. She began to coax him, to talk about the flight across country in a state-room: "It would be like another wedding journey." Then the arrival at her father's home for the shortest possible visit with her people. Then another flight across Canada to some pleasant little city in the North-west, where strangers were too plentiful to excite comment, where no questions would be asked, where they would soon win a place for themselves and be respected, where they could begin life with a clean slate.

Shelby Stryker stood listening to her thoughtfully. He was struggling with himself, although he was apparently calm once more. As she continued her pleadings he mechanically picked up the sheaf of newspapers that the girl had brought and ripped off the wrappers one by one, hardly knowing what he was doing. They were the newspapers from the capital. She received them regularly so as to learn what she could of the life in prison, hoping for even a casual mention of the place that held her lover.

A headline caught his eye as the wrapper fell from an unfolded paper:

"CLEVER CONVICT MAKES GET-AWAY.
ALL TRACE LOST OF STRYKER SINCE HE LEFT WASHINGTON.
GOVERNOR STONE'S PET POLICY RECEIVES A JOLT."

Mechanically his eye ran down the column, filled with bitter invective against the Governor and Warden Scovil, censuring them, sneering at them for having been outwitted by a clever crook. The return to old methods of rigorous treatment of

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convicts was advocated. Stryker flung the paper violently on the table. He grasped his wife by the wrists. "Stop," he exclaimed. "Sweetheart, I can't do it! Do you know what it would mean if I should quit like this? You can't understand it. Listen! I will tell you.

"In the old days that pen was a hell; that's what it was, a hell, and I wonder how I lived through it. Men worked like slaves. The labor was cruel, and the punishments for those who were too weak to endure it were barbarous. Men were thrown into dungeons on bread and water, they were strung up by the wrists until they almost lost their reason. They were beaten, they were half drowned with jets from a fire hose while they were strapped down and helpless. People on the outside have no conception of the cruelty that prison guards were allowed to inflict. And the stripes, and the insults, and the graft! The old system was rotten clean through!

"And lately they have changed all this. Governor Stone was great enough to call a convict 'friend' and George Scovil (God bless the man!) has worked hard to give us half a chance. The stripes are gone and the barbarous punishments are done away with. The boys in the pen are given work that they like to do and are told that if they behave and show themselves worthy, they may be set free on parole. It's the honor system. Why, the very word is enough to make a man out of a convict.

"I understand now that the whole system depends on me. The whole country has read about my case and the newspapers all over the country have commented on the strange actions of a Governor that would let a convict travel across the continent on his mere promise as a man that he would return. Governor Stone has staked his reputation on my promise. George Scovil's whole future depends on it, for he is the Governor's man. And the boys in the prison, fellows who are getting one more chance to be decent and make men of themselves, what would happen to them if Governor Stone's policies were reversed and Scovil turned out and the old warden brought back?"

Virginia could find no words. She was crying softly. Her hopes had been raised so high by her own audacious plan.

Gently he raised her hands and placed her arms about him.

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"Kiss me good-bye, sweetheart," he said; "I am going back. In three years I will be free, and then,—then we can begin life again with a clean slate."

He was gone. Before she realized it he was out of the room and the front door had closed behind him.

She sank into a chair beside the table and laying her head in her arms she cried like a little girl whose doll is broken.

In a few minutes she dried her eyes and sat up and began listlessly to sort out the letters from the newspapers scattered on the table. She saw the article that had influenced Shelby, the bitter attack on the Governor and his humane policy (maudlin, the editor described it), and her cheeks burned at the phrase barbed with sarcasm, "A convict's honor (?) appears to be the keystone of the administration."

She turned the page and read the conclusion which her husband had not seen. It ran:

"To cap the climax of Governor Stone's absurdity, it is rumored that in case of Stryker's return (which is out of the question, of course), our misguided executive proposes to grant an extended parole to this crook and possibly pardon him unconditionally so that he can busy himself with his alleged epoch-making inventions. What protection has society against the criminal with such a feeble sentimentalist in the Governor's chair!"

Virginia sprang from her place and ran to the window. The dingy curtains were brightened by the spring sunshine, and as she jerked them up, it seemed as if Heaven's own light had burst into the shabby room. She flung up the window and a breeze from the Gulf blew back the lace hangings, causing them to flutter violently like carrier pigeons about to be released for their homeward flight.

She paused for a second to fill her lungs with the sweet air, then, without waiting for her hat, she ran swiftly down stairs and into the street, hoping to overtake her husband at the station before the train pulled out.

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POINT BONITA

Witter Bynner

THE little launch was called "The Monk"
That carried him to sea
With seven cronies, not one drunk,
But sober as could be.

Blight, Wilson, Scott, two Petersons,
Stevens, McPherson, seven,
And they were hearty sons-of-guns
With strange ideas of heaven.

"The snuggest hold on the waterfront
Was the one Pete Johnson ran;
And Peter was the reason on't——"
And then the tale began

How they all had sat at Johnson's place,
Less than a month before,
And seen a look in Peter's face
When he cleared his throat and swore

That he wouldn't last another moon,
For he felt it in his bones.
"Boys," he had said, "I'll be going out soon.
And these'll be cold as stones;

"This left hand looking now so stout,
Lifting the glass to clink,
And this right hand which I hand about
As I ask you boys to drink,

"To drink me a pledge and a solemn vow
By all the gods there are
To bottle my ashes and stand in the bow
And break me over the bar.

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" I've leaned on a bar at sea and ashore
So long that I've got the trick;
To be anywhere else for evermore—
The idea makes me sick."

On Peter's brow was a line of sweat.
" Fishes are quick and free;
But worms with their crawlin', pokin' fret—
O keep 'em off o' me!

" Give me no solid, cloggin' grave,
But the width and the drift o' the seas!
Bury me out where wind and wave
And ashes go as they please!

" Oblige me? " he asked them. And like one man,
Quicker than you can think,
They said, "Aye, Peter,—a damn good plan! "
And pledged it with a drink.

It blew from the Saturday Peter died
Till the cronies came together,
And looked at the jug with Pete inside,
Then looked outside at the weather.

And when they had watched the gale three days,
They nodded while it blew,—
" We can't sit round till the jug decays—
Let's see old Peter through! "

They took the jug aboard " The Monk,"
They put their oilskins on,
They faced the sousing sea—not drunk;
Sober every one.

A wave came over them halfway out
And slapped them down in the sea

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And all but two of them went to the bout—
  Bailing, hip and knee.

Two at the helm and five of them
  Bailing, one with a mug . . .
When "The Monk" went crazy and shook her stem
  They'd catch a quick look at the jug

Where old Pete Johnson urged them on
  And gave them extra breath,
Just as though he hadn't gone,
  As though it wasn't death.

And when the mourners pulled around,
  With "The Monk" for a pitching hearse,
And—just off Point Bonita—found
  The chapter and the verse,

Stevens, McPherson, Wilson, Blight,
  Scott and the Petersons,
Bared their heads and stood as they might
  While the sea went by like guns.

Then they broke the bottle over the bow
  And Peter flew by in the foam.
They wished him as well as they knew how
  Before they put for home.

Now the wind was lighter going back
  But the way was heavier far,
For the mate of the trip, out on their track,
  Was leaning again on a bar.

And soon in Peter Johnson's place,
  They leaned on a bar as well—
And looked each other in the face;
  And when they drank his knell,

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Blight, Stevens, the Petersons, Wilson, Scott,
McPherson, crew of "The Monk,"
Each sober crony of the lot
With just one drink—was drunk.

THE STILL FOREFRONT OF WINTER

CLARENCE STONE

THE earth is brown with fallen leaves, the wide water of the river and the marshes is smoothly blue, as in autumn. Yet the message of autumn is of a rich vigor, of strength put out in throbbing culmination, and here there is no hint of strength put out. The bare black trees stand tense against the low gray sky, the woods are still, save for the faint peeping call and answer of two birds hidden among the laurel bushes.

One of the peeping birds appears, a crested male cardinal, vivid red against the dark-green laurel as he hops from twig to twig. It is as if only in these, the little red bird and the low green laurel, does any of the summer's tumult of color and motion remain. Here on this stripped hillside above the river, where silence now rises like a mist, millions of green leaves fluttered high and low not long ago, danced on the tops of mighty oaks and rustled amid the creeping briars, forming a green cathedral gemmed with glowing trumpet flowers, a place alive with scampering squirrels, with bees that buzzed and boomed, with birds that sang in multitude.

The river and the marshes, too, teemed with life, with islands of heart-shaped lily leaves crowned by purple flowers, with green and olive seaweed strewn ashore at each high tide, with fish that flashed toward the sun in a crystal shower, with graceful cranes and darting hawks that watched and swooped. Now there are only withered remnants of lily stalks, only shrivelled shreds of seaweed; the frost has loosened and the tides taken the summer's opulent growth, and no fish leap beneath the low gray sky.

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A rounded stone from the beach, tossed up the hillside to break the silence, rolls noisily down through the dry leaves, dislodging a startled rabbit, perhaps a lone survivor from the November shooting; he thumps frantically through the bare underbrush, his white tail bounding into sight again and again until he is hidden in a ravine.

Seven white gulls come sweeping up the river, wheeling and crossing above the quiet marshes, crying their queer metallic lamentation; soon they return, silent, down the river toward the bay.

The cold blue water is lifeless and lonely as before, the wooded hill stands stripped and black in the clear hard gray light, waiting, waiting, amid silence that rises like a mist.

THE TWO BOOKS

ELLA M. WARE

EXCEPT for the titles, you could hardly have told them apart; for they were both about the same size, both in the same brown regulation covering, both rather shabby and worn. There they stood all day, a little apart from the rest, on a shelf in the public library, waiting for some chance borrower to take them out.

A young art student sauntered in, glanced at several volumes, selected the one he wanted, and then, catching sight of the two books, took the nearest one down. He turned the pages casually; then stopped, as a sentence caught his eye. He read it—frowned—then read it again, and his face grew sad and bitter.

"A cynical philosophy, that," he said. "And yet, after all, perhaps the pessimist is right. Existence is a poor affair at the best. And here was a man who realized the game wasn't worth the candle."

He closed the book with a sigh, put it back in place and turned away. But all through the day the memory of that sentence stayed with him, haunted him, tingeing his thoughts, spoil-

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ing his appetite, souring all his pleasures. Even the sunlight seemed to have grown gray. Through everything he did, everything he saw, there seemed to echo the dull, disheartening query —"What's the use?"

The next afternoon a tired-looking middle-aged professor, passing the shelf in search of some book of reference, noticed the two books and mechanically took the further one down. He glanced over the first few pages—then, coming to a certain line that seemed to take his fancy, he smiled and re-read it with a look of pleased surprise. The tired, set lines in his face relaxed, his eyes lost their sternness and grew soft and kindly, as though some train of thought had been aroused which led him into a new and wonderful land.

"What a beautiful idea! How delightfully put!" he said to himself. "Why, it positively makes me feel young again. It seems somehow to give one new inspiration, fresh courage to face things, a bigger sympathy for everybody and everything. Strange how a handful of words by a dead author can stir one's heart into life and make the world seem so wonderful, so worth while!"

And as he went out with the book under his arm his stooping shoulders straightened themselves with a new youthfulness, a new determination. He hummed a little tune as he walked home through the rain.

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QUEER BEASTS AND BIRDS OF PERU

MILLICENT TODD

Of the Heights

THE dark-eyed llamas with red-woollen tassels in their ears move slowly across the icy plateau.

Could anything equal the dignity of a llama, his serenity, his hauteur? He knows he is indispensable. There is no one to take his place. His wool furnishes clothing, his skin leather, his flesh food, his dung fuel, and he is a beast of burden where no other can live on the bare, breathless heights.

In return, he asks no shelter, warm beneath his shaggy coat. He asks no food, for he grazes on the stiff *ychu* grass as he journeys along. He needs no shoes, no harness, and even provides, himself, the wool for the homespun bags upon his back. When there is no water, he carries in bags made of his own skin what is necessary for man. Nor do his benefactions end here. The llama furnished the mystery-loving Spaniards with that strange bezoar stone which on account of its mysterious endowments they placed in the list with emeralds, pearls, turquoises and other precious stones from Peru.

Is it astonishing that the llama makes his own rules of conduct and exacts entire consideration of them? Disobedience he indicates in a way not to be forgotten! Usually gentle and docile, if a llama is annoyed, he becomes disagreeable, revengeful and useless. He will not hurry, for supplying his own food he must graze when opportunity offers. He will not be overloaded. One hundred pounds he will cheerfully carry, but with more than that he sits down like a camel, dreamily chewing his cud, and can be neither forced nor persuaded to rise. In speaking of the alpaca, cousin of the llama, Father Acosta said that "the only remedy is to stay and sit down by the *paco*, making much on him, until the fit be passed, and that he rise; and sometimes they are forced to stay two or three hours."

The little variegated herd with expressions of mild surprise steps daintily along as if walking on eggs, following at even

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distances, each moving with the authority of a procession. If frightened, they huddle into a compact group, craning their long necks toward the centre. Then they look you wistfully in the face for minutes at a time without moving. The halter of the leader is embroidered, and small streamers flutter from it. Most of the llamas have tassels in their ears, or little pendants or bells. Thus they file across the snow-covered Cordillera.

At night when they sink on to the *puna* at their journey's end, a faint murmur like many æolian harps is wafted into the stillness of the frosty night. It is the llamas' appreciation of rest.

Far above the limit of human life, even beyond the haunts of vicuñas, there is still one living creature. His shadow sweeps over the wilderness as he passes between it and the sun—a shadow the only appearance of life. It is the condor, who lays her white eggs on the bare rock of the loftiest mountain peaks and knows where the heart of each animal lies.

The mighty condor who can kill an ox with his beak of steel, who can swallow a sheep or exist a month without food.

The majestic condor who swims in the highest air or sweeps down upon his prey with a deafening whir of wings.

The condor, a symbol of light, who circles on an almost imperceptible tremulous motion up to the ether of outer space, or proceeds undisturbed, without effort or flutter of wings, in the icy teeth of a tempest, a symbol of storm.

He watches the sun rise over a continent-jungle, glimmering with heat and dampness, and long after the sunset glow has faded from the highest snowy peak, he sees its fiery ball drop beyond the farthest edge of the Pacific.

The fabulous condor, known in Europe when Peru was a myth, a hostage from a fairy-land of gold and silver; a griffin revelling in solitude and in evidences of things gone by.

Loneliness is the condor's only friend.

The wind howls through his broadened wings.

Of the Lowlands

Deep within the wilderness, more silent than the noiseless solitude itself, lies a mysterious lagoon sacred to the giant Mother of Waters. All about, coiled in the half-putrescent

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vegetable mould, are myriads of venomous creatures, gliding, writhing, crawling in and out. Minute snakes whose bite is death curl in tendrils or lie like coral necklaces upon the leaves. Larger ones drape in vinelike garlands overhead, to be distinguished from a blossoming festoon only by a sudden loose-swinging end.

But the pool! What wet blackness and horrid mystery! The surface of the water is never ruffled by a breeze. It has no moods. Unperturbed in perpetual gloom it lies in quivering stagnation, oozing nauseous odors under the twilight of a full, tropical moon. No roseate spoonbill, no delicate white heron tilts about upon its banks. The black stagnant water can barely cover the solid seething mass of "hairy, scaly, spiny, blear-eyed, bulbous, shapeless monsters, without name . . . wallowing, interwriggling, and devouring each other."

Here sleeps the Mother of Waters, congenially imbedded, her shining coils slipping about over each other—the great *yacumama,* the mighty boa-constrictor, who can swallow almost any creature whole and whose breath withers any beast lured within reach by her fascinating poison. Humanely she intoxicates before squeezing the bones to pulp of digestible consistency.

Sometimes she unfolds her darkly iridescent coils out into the hospitable closeness of the jungle. Laboriously she winds upward in over-arching trees; but, as if too languid, leaves part of her frightful weight dragging below. She looks moss-grown, like the stem of an old tree, and, treelike, remains motionless for days at a time. When she does wander forth in search of prey, a track follows through the lush-yielding vegetation—her huge weight lingering heavily upon succulent streams.

Mysterious animals live in the depths of the ocean where no ray of light has ever pierced. They light the way for their own fishing, as the glow-worm is struck by its own brightness before seeing any other. Fire beetles and phosphorescent caterpillars and flickering fireflies—little stitches of a shining thread in the soft, verdured blackness of the tepid night—make the primeval forest discernible.

The true life of the jungle begins with darkness and ends with light. As if the habitual gloom were not deep enough,

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jungle animals wait until night has enclosed them further to carry on their life activities; those weird creatures which lurk in the shade, primeval instincts always alert, living on sufferance in this land of vegetation. They have persisted since early geologic ages, the only remnants of their kind, haunting the nights from then until now. Dwarfs of a former age, growing constantly smaller and fewer and less important, they will dwindle through coming ages until zoölogical gardens can no longer be supplied, and their toothless skulls in glass cases will be the only evidence that they ever existed.

The antediluvian ant-eater hunches along on his stiff, curved claws, stopping now and then to rake out a crowded ant-hill, whose compact, crawling interior he cleans out with an efficient slash of his spiral tongue.

The giant armadillo, the glyptodon of former ages, developed a complete coat of mail by which his small descendant is still protected. He can open and shut the scales at will, hiding himself inside them. He trundles to and fro, burrowing out well-flavored roots. His voice is dull, without ring or expression. But his little shell is used as the bowl of a curious three-stringed guitar from which natives can coax queer, sweet sounds.

The cavernous croak of the violet-colored throat-bladder matches the twilight. The goat-sucker with softly flapping wings rises to greet the night, and from deep within the forest resounds the drawling cry of the sloth. His small, ghoulish face peers into the on-coming darkness.

Can any greater emblem of misery be conceived than the uncouth sloth? He hangs upside down upon a branch like a bundle of rags on a nail. His hair is like dried grass, stiff, with a greenish tinge, and as might be expected goes the wrong way. His long arms are jointless, swinging to and fro like the end of a rope. He can turn his head all about, till his round, simple face meets the wind; then he opens his toothless mouth to take it in, giving rise to a tradition that he lives on air. His want of teeth is supplied by long nails—his only means of attack, and with which he scrapes out ants. Whether he lives upon cecropia buds and dew, as Dr. Brehm declares, or upon armies of ants swarming in the hollow stems of the cecropia tree, it is certain that he

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haunts only that tree, spreading out its broad leaves, whose white lower sides reflect light into the sepulchral shade. It furnishes him with more food than he needs, and food is his only necessity.

The rain pours, he listlessly hugs his branch, a sorry spectacle, emitting from time to time a deep sigh. His eye is dull, he knows no joy, no sorrow. He needs no sleep, no relief from a life which is nothing but respite. The odds seem too great against him to perform the simplest acts of life.

The climax of activity is reached when like a wad he falls to the ground, utterly devoid of life.

After a while he unrolls and progresses with circumspection upon closed claws to the next cecropia tree. Then he climbs to the very top, where he begins to eat, supplied with food on the down journey. Hunger compelling, he unbends from a position of unusual discomfort and pushes himself along his branch upside down. Over-cautious in every motion, he never loosens his rigid hold from one limb until securely clamped to the next one. Each movement causes a long sad yowl of pain. It is amazing that so cutting a sound can issue from his soft mouth. *Ai* is his German name.

His weird cry is a jungle symbol—mysterious hint of antediluvian days when the elephantine sloth lifted up a mammoth wail to be taken up by the glyptodon and the dodo.

Night settles. Blood-thirsty bats emerge, bright eyes flashing eagerly. Leaf-nosed vampires whose empire is gloom are prepared for their nightly bacchanale.

When utter blackness has obliterated the jungle, the *carbunculo* slinks slowly out of the thickets. "If followed, he opens a flap in his forehead from under which an extraordinary brilliant and dazzling light issues, proceeding from a precious stone; any foolhardy person who ventures to grasp at it is blinded, the flap is let down under the long black hair and the animal disappears into darkness. The Incas believed in him. The viceroys in their official instructions to the missionaries placed the *carbunculo* in the first order of desiderata."

Side by side with sloths, ant-eaters and armadillos, dwarf descendants of mastodon days, still lumbering about undeveloped in spite of their ancient lineage, humming-birds have

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flashed through the ages. They have profited by cycles of centuries to elaborate their little bodies beyond imagination with pendent beards, crests, waving ear-tufts, and ornaments colored in fantastic manner. Their tails, fashioned in queer shapes, always consist of ten feathers. Even the tiny sharp feet, minute as they are, differ greatly in form and are sometimes covered with a delicate white down. There are feathers on a humming-bird's eyelids. The little saw-edged tongues for extracting insects from flower honey all differ. Their bills are as long as their bodies, and their tails are twice as long.

What can be said of their color, brighter than any other in nature? The hue of every precious stone, the lustre of every metal sparkles from some part of the diminutive body. Often only a twinkling of emerald-gold-green or ruby-colored light reveals their passing—"a route of evanescence with a revolving wheel." Sometimes the flash comes from throat or back or brow of iridescence, sometimes from a body sheathed in little gold scales; sometimes from the very tips of long white feathers frilling the neck about. The colors come and go, shift and change with every motion, "embers flung about by invisible hands." The wing-feathers are gray. No eye could discern anything but a dusky film, so a bright display would be lost.

And all this is within a thimble's compass, for the smallest of all humming-birds grow in Peru. One is hardly larger than a bumble-bee, and the giant of the race measures less than a swallow. Doctor Brehm says that the Dwarf Humming-bird is the only one that has a song. There is as much diversity in the names of the humming-bird as in everything else pertaining to it: Tresses-of-the-day-star, Rays-of-the-sun, Sun-gems, Sun-stars, Flame-bearers, Frou-frou, Pecker-of-flowers, Flower-sipper, Honey-sucker, Sipper-of-roses, Fly-bird, and the sweet Colibri. It has besides many local names such as Tominejo, *tomin* being the smallest weight.

Birds migrate south from the tropics as well as north. The humming-bird whirls through the jungle and luxuriant valleys of the Andes, out to islands in the Pacific, and follows the fuchsia down to the very boundaries of barrenness in the tail of South America. A mere dab of brain can engineer this infinitesimal

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motor from Patagonia to Canada. One minute flame-bearer lives only inside the crater of an extinct volcano in Veragua, marked with red like the fire-stealer wren of Brittany, and many battle with storms of the high Andes and can be seen mingling their vivid flashes with snow. They who live by means of flowers! One called Sappho, a blend of red and green, lives upon the bleak heights of Bolivia, frequenting the haunts of the condor.

It has been thought that the humming-bird has no wish-bone, its frame being more compact than such construction would allow in order to withstand the immense strain of its wings—immense, yes, measured by millimetres. At any rate the largest organ is the breast muscle, and the heart is three times as large as the stomach. Its senses are alert and a well-developed skull could prove the excellence of the brain, did not its habits do so.

The humming-bird always trusts itself to the air for however brief a distance, and flings its supple body about from one flower to another in vibrating flight. Now it hovers near without disordering a petal, now it hangs from tall grasses by the tip of its thornlike bill, a sparkling of wings with spurts of precious stones in a setting of petals, lost in another instant in wide air. Never smutted by earth, because never touching it, the humming-bird juggles among the flowers. It never follows all the flowers of a single bush nor even exhausts all the sweetness of a single flower, "a dart, a glance, a sip, and away,"—butterflies, a symbol of caprice, are not more fickle. This utterly erratic creature performing its aerial gambols holds within itself the reason for its being unmolested by any enemy—the chase not being worth the morsel.

Ineffable is the whole field of its labor. The coarsest materials of its nests are the finest straws it can pick up. Inside they are lined with down and spiders' webs. Consistently they are attached to a pendent branch or long-swinging vine. Thither the humming-bird flies to supply a family's microscopic wants.

To a giant looking through a microscope, what a revelation of the infinite industry of nature in worlds beyond the grasp of any sense of his the humming-bird would be!

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TO AN OLD FRIEND

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

YOU have determined all that life should be;
I think it still an infinite mystery:
Therefore we disagree.

Go, friend, and trouble not our happy past
With memory of the parting here at last
Amid confusions vast.

Go,—and remember me as one astray,
If so you will. Aye, if you choose it, pray
For my misguided way.

Perhaps,—who knows?—from deeps I must explore
I shall look back regretful to the shore
Where we two walked before.

Or else, perhaps, across a troubled sea
My reckless sail shall push inflexibly
Till the West swallows me.

Then warnings of my doom your children tell.
Say that your friend, whose life was launched so well,
Went to eternal hell.

Or will you be more honest?—will you say
That in the closing of a stormy day
Your friend once sailed away—

Until, mid foam that deafened all replies,
He passed beyond the vision of your eyes
To luminous western skies?

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COLONEL ARCHIBALD GRACIE *

In Memoriam

CHARLES VALE

COLONEL GRACIE died on the fourth of December, 1912. He had been in feeble health all through the summer, but had no definite physical complaint. He felt ill and weak, and ascribed his condition to the exposure and strain through which he went in the *Titanic* disaster. Mrs. Gracie and his daughter were with him up to the end, which he knew was coming, for the day before he died he had the minister of the Church of the Incarnation brought to his bedside, and Holy Communion was administered. On the next day he was unconscious for twelve hours; but just before he died he became conscious for about ten minutes, recognizing everyone and bidding them good-bye.

The funeral service was held at Calvary Church, where he was married, and a large number of the members of the Seventh Regiment, to which he belonged, were present. The church was beautifully decorated. Mrs. Astor was there, and many other *Titanic* survivors, several of whom Colonel Gracie had helped into the boats at the time of the disaster. The interment took place at the Gracie plot at Woodlawn.

I met Colonel Gracie, for the first—and last—time, at a luncheon at the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York, when the world was still ringing with echoes of the great catastrophe. The extraordinary experiences through which he had passed, and the terrible scenes that he had witnessed, were still as vivid to him as if they had happened the day before; but he talked very quietly, directly, unaffectedly, neither obtruding nor avoiding the personal element. There was something strangely gracious in his attitude; I heard no harsh or condemnatory word from him: he seemed to have the rare gift of comprehension of human

* Reprinted, a year after Colonel Gracie's death, from the "Concluding Note" to his book, *The Truth About the Titanic*.

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nature, the rare sense of proportion. He accused no man of cowardice or inefficiency; but narrated the facts as he saw them, volunteering no inferences. And gradually, in that atmosphere of careless, casual security; with men and women from every corner of more than one continent scattered about the room; with all the obvious, and more subtle, presuppositions of civilization that a luxurious hotel in a huge metropolis illustrates;—there was evolved the picture of the great ship, going to her doom in the night, with her living cargo. I cannot express fully the vividness of that image—carved, as it were, from the darkness of memory and imposed on the sunlight of a summer's day. It stands out for me, ineffaceable, unforgettable—as it must stand out for all who passed through those tragic hours and still live to recall how near they were to death. One retraced the growing realization of the gravity of the situation; the conviction that the ship must inevitably sink before help could arrive; and, finally, the resolute facing of destiny. Good and bad deeds were done that night and morning: but the good outvalue the bad, immeasurably; and when the littlenesses have been duly reckoned, and the few cowards dismissed, and the uncouth or selfish weighed and found wanting, there remains the grand total of brave and steadfast men and women whose names must be enrolled imperishably in any record of world-heroism.

In a note like this, closing a work which depends so much on the intimate connection of the author with the scenes that he describes, it is permissible to be personal. I had read, in a daily paper, Colonel Gracie's first account of his experiences; had been struck by the special quality of the writing, by the pervading atmosphere of true chivalry—no other word can suggest quite adequately the impression conveyed by that narrative, written under the stress of poignant memories. I think that the effect produced by the account was the same with all who read it: certainly I have met no one who did not recognize the spirituality and fineness shining through the written words—a spirituality not opposed to, but entirely in consonance with, the unmistakable virility of the author. And so, when I met him, I was peculiarly interested in his personality: it seemed to me that this man who was sitting at my left hand, talking quietly, had

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descended as distinctly into hell as any human being would care to acknowledge, and had risen again from the dead—or, at least, from the sea of the dead—into a world which could never again be quite the same to him. I found myself looking from time to time at his eyes; and I saw in them what I have seen only once or twice in the eyes of living men—the experience of death, the acceptance of death, and the irrevocable impress of death. And, though he carried himself as a man accustomed to adventures and unafraid of the big or little ironies of destiny, he was conscious, I think, of a certain isolation, a new aloofness from the ordinary routine of daily life. He had been so near to the end of dreams, had seen the years flash past so suddenly into true perspective, that it was difficult to resume the trivial round and reconstitute a mental world in which details should acquire again their former pretence of importance.

Colonel Gracie survived for less than eight months after the loss of the *Titanic*. Judged by the imperfect reckoning of impulse, it would seem almost unfair that he should have gone through so much, winning his life in the face of such deadly hazards, only to surrender it after a brief interval. But he himself would have been the last to complain. His implicit faith in Providence could not be shaken by any personal suffering. He made a brave fight for life, as he had made a brave fight for the lives of others while the *Titanic* was sinking. When the end was inevitable, he accepted it with composure, though he had foreseen it with sadness.

The thought of the tragedy with which his name will always be associated was constantly in his mind. The writing of his book involved a great deal of intimate correspondence, with the perpetual revival of painful memories. He made no effort to evade this strain: it was part of the task that he had undertaken. He felt strongly that the work he was doing was absolutely necessary, and could not be neglected. It was both a public service and a private duty. Simply and sincerely, he dedicated himself to that service and duty. And now, he has done his work, and lived his life, and gone out into the light beyond the darkness. His country has lost a very gallant gentleman. The world has one more legend of brave deeds.

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THE DEAD SOUL

BEATRICE REDPATH

WHEN they have borne me out beyond the hill
And laid me down behind that chiselled door,
I shall lie there forever, wanly still,
And none that live or die shall see me more.

So frail my soul I think it could not rise
Above the earth when I should come to rest,
But as a flame blown by a night wind dies
So should it fade what time it leaves my breast.

For all too well Thou hast long cherished me,
Bringing me amber for my sun-swept hair,
Silks, woven silver, as a moon-drowned sea,
Corals and topaz for mine arms to bear.

Too much Thou gavest, naught I was denied,
No burden in my empty arms was laid,
My small love weakened Thy strong love beside,
Earth's very fullness on my spirit weighed.

Weak was my soul, it could not learn to grieve
For those who wept, unfeeling of their pain;
Pale hands untoiling, eager to receive
Without a will to give to earth again.

My soul could never gain on unfledged wings
Beyond the silver fretting of the stars;
'Twill die upon the breeze that lightly springs
Before the golden gate of day unbars.

And so at length when I shall fall asleep,
No shining soul shall ever rise from me;
Only long silence shall my dead soul keep,
While winds shall blow my dust upon the sea.

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THE LYRICAL POETRY OF THE NEW LAUREATE

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

I

TWENTY-ONE years ago the death of Tennyson was flashed over the wires of the world. Two great English laureates had honored the post within half a century. Tennyson's death still left England rich in poets of lofty attainments. William Morris, Coventry Patmore, Swinburne, and Meredith, the older singers, would, had the choice fallen to any one of them, have continued to shed glory on a post that had been raised in public esteem by the two preceding incumbents. Henley and Watson and Kipling were the younger men who added an embarrassment of riches from which to select Tennyson's successor. The Marquess of Salisbury, coming into office after Lord Rosebery's futile year of erratic administration and power, waited three years before doing otherwise than what was expected of him. The reading of the *Autobiography* of Alfred Austin gives, I think, a very good reason why Salisbury appointed the journalist-poet to the vacant laureateship. I do not hold so mean an opinion of Alfred Austin's verse as has been quite frankly expressed in almost every critical quarter. Many of his earlier nature-lyrics are exquisite: and he told a verse-narrative, if not with arresting poetic power, delicately. But he was for all that a political journalist; an ardent worshipper of the person and policies of Disraeli; and Disraeli's pupil (can we ever erase the memory of these two figures from the Budget of '67 and the Berlin Congress!) rewarded him with the laureateship, to the disappointment of the English-speaking world.

For the seventeen years that Alfred Austin held the laureateship, he never emerged from the eclipse that the genius of his predecessor cast upon his rising fame. The memory of Tennyson was, to the public, like a shadow his name could not escape. In the meantime many new figures rose in the poetic heavens. Henley passed: Watson and Davidson had large powers; Kipling was a driving and irresistible force, whose song had the

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blood of the Empire in its substance; Stephen Phillips was weaving dramatic spectacles in the fabric of verse; Francis Thompson and William Butler Yeats were building magnificent palaces of lyric art: the entrance to one through ecclesiastical mysticism and Catholic faith, and to the other, through a symbolism both natural and spiritual; and preceding the late laureate's death, the attainment of popular recognition by still younger men like John Masefield and Alfred Noyes gave them a public claim to be considered in succession. In 1910 all of this company of English poets who were living—it had grown two less by the deaths of Thompson and Davidson—would have acknowledged one absolute master—Swinburne: and they were of no divided opinion as to who should succeed him when he passed away—Meredith. Death claimed both within a month. By priority of age and achievement, the honor of the foremost place among English poets, in my opinion, belonged to a poet whose art had never solicited any honor; whose exclusiveness and retirement had made him known but to a small circle of readers and critics: and who had scarcely uttered a line but for his own joy in making something lovely out of the "flying vapors of the world,"—to a poet by the name of Robert Bridges. I do not think that anybody acknowledged this fact publicly. But the fact was self-evident to any who saw poetic values without favoring sympathies. By virtue of some qualities, it is certain, he would have had to give way to any one of two or three of the younger men. But his substance was all balanced, and such as it was, he expressed it in a lyrical style, over and over again, that was more artistically perfect than, with the exception of two or three among all English poets, lyric style had ever been made to express any substance whatsoever in English poetry.

Mr. Asquith's judgment in appointing Mr. Bridges to the laureateship could have been influenced by no other reason than this honor he already possessed, of being—taking all things together—in the very first place among his contemporaries. Mr. Kipling being of the opposite political faith; Mr. Watson, having satirized the Prime Minister's family, satirized his chances out of possible consideration; Alice Meynell, being a woman, would hardly inspire or make expedient an act that might be

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construed as a concession to militant suffragism; Mr. Hardy, for all the sublime and magnificent backgrounds of poetry in *The Dynasts,* too acidly fatalistic of individual destiny to be classified poetically; Masefield too repudiative of tradition; and Noyes too young—makes the selection of Mr. Bridges inevitable. The choice was disappointing to the British public. The press reflected public opinion in politely irritable terms: Bridges' obscurity was the chief cause of this sentiment. He had not voiced his day, he had not—there were a dozen things he had not done—by which the public could mirror its thoughts and feelings. The only thing that saved, and will save, Mr. Bridges from a fate similar to that of the late laureate is—his art. He stands well fortified in its perfection—whatever it may concern itself with—against the disappointment of the British public because he has been elevated by official recognition to an honor it would have had bestowed upon another, and it will gradually come to appreciate and admire with gratitude the gift of Beauty which he has garnered and hoarded for it in tranquil seclusion through a lifetime of patient and consecrated endeavor.

II

I do not know whether it is possible to make valid the distinction between scholarship and scholarliness. There are distinguishing contrasts in the meaning of the words when we apply the term scholar to a creative artist. At the foundation of the highest poetic art of the nineteenth century was a sound scholarship. Tennyson, Swinburne, Morris, Arnold, and Browning were scholarly. Poetry does not always require, however, this wisdom of the intellect for its wondrous flowering. Burns, Blake, Keats, Poe, and Whitman show how a lack of scholarship is often compensated by an intuitive wisdom of heart and emotion. Not even in those poets profoundly learned does there always appear in their art that essence of scholarliness which is an indefinable distinction of rhythm, metre, and diction. The art of Mr. Bridges has this scholarliness. His verse as verse has an individual style full of charm and grace, being precise and deliberate in the adaptation of subtle tones, which are so modulated to mood and substance that the effect is one of cultured

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spontaneity, embodying a rare sensibility aloof from common instincts and experience.

Of Mr. Bridges' style there is little or nothing that is strikingly original. He has carried on, with the practice of certain principles of variations of stress in the lyric, the best tradition of English poetry. As Arthur Symons says, his "finest lyrics might have found their place among the lyrics in an Elizabethan song-book. And yet they are not archaic, a going back, as of one who really, in thought, lives in another age, to which his temper of mind is more akin." These variations of stress are nothing more than metrical experiments in which he has proved himself a skilled and successful craftsman in subduing balance, measure and harmony of rhythm. He allows no chance for violence of any kind; he produces a sort of conscious rapture, a felicitous flow, within defined bounds, of music, to which one must attune the ear to catch the delicate inweaving of harmonies. Perhaps no lyric poetry in English is more consciously artistic in verse-structure, none that more apparently seems to exist for the sake of art; and yet we find constant surprises, a quiet thrilling of the emotions, and delight in them, when once the full flavor and meaning of his language is scrutinized. It is in his rare and choice treatment of words that Mr. Bridges' style has its perfection. He finds an original association hidden in their opposites, and by bringing them together in most unusual circumstances awakens and unites qualities that produce the most subtle significance. He chooses them deliberately for their beauty, but they are no less valuable for their singing quality, and in no instance do they ever fail to make clear the precise meaning for which he has enlisted their services in rendering thought or feeling. In no lyric does his style in its purity and subtlety show to a higher degree than in *I Have Loved Flowers That Fade,* perhaps the best-known of his songs.

"I have loved flowers that fade,
Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
With sweet unmemored scents.
A honeymoon delight,—
A joy of love at sight,

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That ages in an hour:—
My song be like a flower!

I have loved airs that die
Before their charm is writ
Along a liquid sky
Trembling to welcome it:
Notes, that with pulse of fire
Proclaim the spirit's desire,
Then die, and are nowhere:—
My song be like an air!

Die, song, die like a breath,
And wither as a bloom:
Fear not a flowery death,
Dread not an airy tomb!
Fly with delight, fly hence!
'Twas thy love's tender sense
To feast; now on thy bier
Beauty shall shed a tear."

The specific quality of Mr. Bridges' work as art can hardly be better shown than in this example, wherein all his special effects are woven into one pattern. Here is magic of a kind that is evoked out of elements that one does not find lying about close to one's experience. And yet it is not made of any ethereal substance. If we can work our own emotions into clear enough definitions to understand our desires, we shall find embedded within them potent sentiments to which this remote magic gives utterance.

Mr. Bridges has been charged with a lack of human sentiment. It is true he speaks no large language of humanity. There are no outcries of passion, no deep thoughtfulness that would tend to render some solution to the evil and hard circumstances that beset deed or will in human experience; there are no intensities illuminating either ethical or moral ideals; he cannot take an attitude that is even conjecturally humane. All his songs are narrowly personal; but the belief in his own experience has a kind of relative exactitude to what must occur in life as men live it under different influences and environments. Sheltering himself in some happy retreat from the troubled affairs of the

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world he would still desire, as he declares in the XXXVIIIth sonnet in *The Growth of Love,* to have life—

> "I would have life—thou saidst—all as this day,
> Simple enjoyment calm in its excess,
> With not a grief to cloud, and not a ray
> Of passion overhot my peace to oppress;
> With no ambition to reproach delay,
> Nor rapture to disturb its happiness."

But it is a life rather of essence than of substance, of brooding and meditation rather than of decision and action, and into which there comes a realization no less of dejection and sorrow, of the pains and joys of love, of poignant grief, of vain aspiration. It was as if these various human states of being had by others been mostly used in their unripe development; in that way they made art rough, violent, wild, full of sharp and bitter memories;—at fruition, no passion, no bitterness, no disappointment that had not been transfigured into beauty which was the residue of all experience. It is this feeling at the base of that austere self-control, that continual ecstatic suspension of mood, which centres in the utterance which we must accept as the key to all Mr. Bridges' work:

> "I love all beauteous things,
> I seek and adore them;
> God hath no better praise,
> And man in his hasty days
> Is honored for them.
>
> I too will something make
> And joy in the making;
> Although to-morrow it seem
> Like the empty words of a dream
> Remembered on waking."

III

"Pleasure rounded with peace, a tender tranquillity with sudden impulses of joy," is how Edward Dowden characterizes the origin of many of the beautiful lyrics in the *Shorter Poems;* and in general the characterization applies. In the *Shorter*

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Poems, Mr. Bridges is at his best. There are no better lyrics in the language than the best of these. Here you find his fancy playing with some graceful and slender theme; with the most precise selective sympathy he paints external nature with an eye and mind solely for her beauties and combination of attractive details, never with that contemplative attitude which elevated Wordsworth's thoughts into mystic communion; but most of all these lyrics express delight: there is a perpetual enjoyment, which the gravest mood or subject can scarcely change, because the poet has learned the secret of wisdom, proclaimed in this verse:

> "Ye thrilled me once, ye mournful strains,
> Ye anthems of plaintive woe,
> My spirit was sad when I was young;
> Ah, sorrowful long-ago!
> But since I have found the beauty of joy
> I have done with proud dismay:
> For howsoe'er man hug his care
> The best of his art is gay."

The "beauty of joy," that is what Mr. Bridges realizes in some aspect or another of all these *Shorter Poems.* We shall find that the "best of his art is gay," if only we do perceive that beneath the results of the particular mood embodied, is a process, under whose spell the poet weaves emotion, dream and fancy into a visibly created and transfigured delight. The spell, no matter what it evolves in substance, is the happiness at the base of all creation, and we are to understand it, in Mr. Bridges' case, as being the actual and important matter to the artist. This strange sense, fantastic as it seems in analysis, is the root of a profound kind of wisdom, that flowers in his meditative temperament. His thoughts linger on elegiac aspects, which need not in themselves be the direct cause of grief; but his spirit is sensible of some invisible Presence whose breath has transmuted mortal things, and in which he reads silence as if it were a language. The *Elegy on a Lady Whom Grief for the Death of Her Betrothed Killed,* and *On a Dead Child,* show in one sense this quality, though they are the expression of grief personalized by the subject lamented, and purged, as is unusual, of all violent emotion. But the *Elegy* beginning, "The wood is bare: a river-

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mist is steeping," and the *Elegy, Among the Tombs* are the full-flowering of a mood that steals pensively into many a lyric with an almost unconscious persistence, and whose theme at root may be altogether free from solemn thoughts. I shall quote the *Elegy*, for it is characteristic of a mood we find so often present in the *Shorter Poems:*

"The wood is bare, a river-mist is steeping
The trees that winter's chill of life bereaves:
Only their stiffened boughs break silence, weeping
Over their fallen leaves,

That lie upon the dank earth brown and rotten,
Miry and matted in the soaking wet:
Forgotten with the spring, that is forgotten
By them that can forget.

Yet it was here we walked when ferns were springing,
And through the mossy bank shot bud and blade:—
Here found in summer, when the birds were singing,
A green and pleasant shade.

'Twas here we loved in sunnier days and greener;
And now, in this disconsolate decay,
I come to see her where I most have seen her,
And touch the happier day.

For on this path, at every turn and corner,
The fancy of her figure on me falls:
Yet walks she with the slow step of a mourner,
Nor hears my voice that calls.

So through my heart there winds a track of feeling,
A path of memory, that is all her own:
Whereto her phantom beauty ever stealing
Haunts the sad spot alone.

About her steps the trunks are bare, the branches
Drip heavy tears upon her downcast head;
And bleed from unseen wounds that no sun stanches,
For the year's sun is dead.

And dead leaves wrap the fruits that summer planted:
And birds that love the South have taken wing.
The wanderer, loitering o'er the scene enchanted,
Weeps, and despairs of spring."

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Excepting the joys of love, Mr. Bridges is at his very best when he sings of nature. For a moment let us look at a few of the poems that deal with the joyousness of love. In these, indeed, is an inimitable loveliness that has only been in English lyric verse once or twice in three centuries. It is natural speech that is at once the very voice of the heart and yet is the garnering of everything imperishably beautiful in the world. Simplicity was never more severely adorned with joy, and yet she walks as if lavishly apparelled. How Mr. Bridges has caught this note of the Elizabethan song-books is a miracle, for it is something that had passed out of the world. But take at random any of these anonymous and familiar utterances which have come down to us undimmed from the sixteenth century, such unpremeditated speech as "Brown is my love but graceful," "Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting," "How shall I then gaze on my mistress' eyes?" "Behold a wonder here!" and set against them these of Mr. Bridges, "I heard a linnet courting," "I made another song," "Will Love again awake?" "I know not how I came," "I praise the tender flower," "Thou didst delight my eyes," "Love my lady's eyes," "My spirit sang all day," "My eyes for beauty pine," "When my love was away," "To my love I whisper and say," and there is the same instinctive rapture, the same inexplicable transfiguring of simple emotions into a temperate but warmly colored joy. This for example:

"I made another song,
In likeness of my love:
And sang it all day long,
Around, beneath, above;
I told my secret out,
That none might be in doubt.

I sang it to the sky,
That veiled his face to hear
How far her azure eye
Outdoes his splendid sphere;
But at her eyelids' name
His white clouds fled for shame.

I told it to the trees,
And to the flowers confest,

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And said not one of these
Is like my lily drest;
Nor spathe nor petal dared
Vie with her body bared.

I shouted to the sea,
That set his waves a-prance;
Her floating hair is free,
Free are her feet to dance;
And, for thy wrath, I swear
Her frown is more to fear.

And as in happy mood
I walked and sang alone,
At eve beside the wood
I met my love, my own!
And sang to her the song
I had sung all day long."

And this little testament:

"My eyes for beauty pine,
My soul for Goddës grace:
No other care nor hope is mine;
To heaven I turn my face.

One splendour thence is shed
From all the stars above:
'Tis namèd when God's name is said,
'Tis Love, 'tis heavenly Love.

And every gentle heart,
That burns with true desire,
Is lit from eyes that mirror part
Of that celestial fire."

The landscape in Mr. Bridges' lyrics of nature is characteristically English. He paints the solitude of the English downs, but his heart is more often filled with the cloistered beauties of the woods; and there is no reverie half so seductive for him as that which is born of an afternoon loitering beside the "silver Thames." With a delicate selection, that is like an effortless instinct, he arrays the hues and forms of nature into the composition of a picture. He never sets a scrutinizing eye upon na-

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ture's phenomena to extract some secret of her mystery; his only purpose is to enjoy the quest that reveals to him her ever-changing and endless loveliness. Spring and summer he especially delights in, though he has paid winter its due, in such poems as the Xth sonnet of *The Growth of Love,* and the admirably descriptive *London Snow,* while in *The Garden in September,* in this stanza,

> "Now thin mists temper the snow-ripening beams
> Of the September sun: his golden gleams
> Of gaudy flowers shine, that prank the rows
> Of high-grown hollyhocks, and all tall shows
> That Autumn flaunteth in his bushy bowers;
> Where tomtits, hanging from the drooping heads
> Of giant sunflowers, peck the nutty seeds;
> And in the feathery aster bees on wing
> Seize and set free the honied flowers,
> Till thousand stars leap with their visiting:
> While ever across the path mazily flit,
> Unpiloted in the sun,
> The dreamy butterflies
> With dazzling colours powdered and soft glooms,
> White, black and crimson stripes, and peacock eyes,
> Or on chance flowers sit,
> With idle effort plundering one by one
> The nectaries of deepest-throated blooms—."

autumn, in all her golden opulence, her heavy-scented ripeness, arrested mood, and variegated picturesqueness, is painted with a sureness that rivals Keats. It is with the minutest care that Mr. Bridges sketches in the details of a scene giving you the environment by a descriptive process by which myriads of objects may be presented without confusion. Take these stanzas from *There Is a Hill beside the Silver Thames:*

> "A rushy island guards the sacred bower,
> And hides it from the meadow, where in peace
> The lazy cows wrench many a scented flower,
> Robbing the golden market of the bees:
> And laden barges float
> By banks of myosote;
> And scented flag and golden flower-de-lys
> Delay the loitering boat.

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And on this side the island, where the pool
Eddies away, are tangled mass on mass
The water-weeds, that net the fishes cool,
And scarce allow a narrow stream to pass;
  Where spreading crowfoot mars
  The drowning nenuphars,
Weaving the tassels of her silken grass
  Below her silver stars.

But in the purple pool there nothing grows,
Not the white water-lily spoked with gold;
Though best she loves the hollows, and well knows
On quiet streams her broad shields to unfold:
  Yet should her roots but try
  Within these deeps to lie,
Not her long-reaching stalk could ever hold
  Her waxen head so high."

And in contrast the sweep, the breadth of view, in this opening stanza of *The Downs:*

"O bold majestic downs, smooth, fair and lonely;
O still solitude, only matched in the skies:
  Perilous in steep places,
  Soft in level races,
Where sweeping in phantom silence the cloudland flies;
With lovely undulation of fall and rise;
  Entrenched with thickets thorned,
By delicate miniature dainty flowers adorned!"

Even those who are familiar with certain of the lyrics from the *Shorter Poems,* which have found their way into the anthologies or have fugitively roamed the world, are unacquainted with what is Mr. Bridges' most distinctive achievement next to the lyrics, *The Growth of Love: A Sonnet Sequence.* These sonnets deserve a far larger public approval than has been accorded them. There is no doubt that their quality entitles them to rank with the few great sonnet-sequences of the nineteenth century written by Rossetti, Mrs. Browning, and Meredith. Each of these poets has treated love as an isolated passion, though in the case of Meredith it was given a psychological turn of circumstance which makes a complex skein of modern instances. Mr.

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Bridges' treatment of love is altogether different. With him it imbues life in its fullest happiness, and is no less a part of the human spirit in its most dejected moods. It interpenetrates all the substances of life; connects itself with all man's interests: his work, deeds, thoughts, relationships: is the essence of the beauty he realizes, the spirit of the art he creates. There are some eighty of these sonnets, mostly constructed on the Italian model, and some on the adapted English. Some are grouped by a common theme, while others are independent of close relationships, but fitting in the scheme of the whole though in themselves detachable. To trace Mr. Bridges' theme through all the poem's subtleties of mood here would be unsatisfactory. There are no intense and climatic embodiments of passion, such as Mrs. Browning gives us, or Shakespeare or Sidney, that need the piercing detail of personal experience to account for this expression or that. Mr. Bridges' " growth of love " is in phases rather than in revelations of some unfolding story. These phases are full of refinements, sometimes of a bright lustre, and again subdued in an atmosphere of pensive reflection. Once at least the poet achieves a note that is wholly Miltonic:

" The dark and serious angel, who so long
Vex'd his immortal strength in charge of me,
Hath smiled for joy and fled in liberty
To take his pastime with the peerless throng.
Oft had I done his noble keeping wrong,
Wounding his heart to wonder what might be
God's purpose in a soul of such degree;
And there he had left me but for mandate strong.
But seeing thee with me now, his task at close
He knoweth, and wherefore he was bid to stay,
And work confusion of so many foes:
The thanks that he doth look for, here I pay,
Yet fear some heavenly envy, as he goes
Unto what great reward I cannot say."

Altogether different is this picture of the iron ship, which shows the harder substance of Mr. Bridges' muse, which might be put to unfamiliar uses in his duties as laureate, and by this example not found to be unfit:

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"The fabled sea-snake, old Leviathan,
Or else what grisly beast of scaly chine
That champ'd the ocean-wrack and swash'd the brine,
Before the new and milder days of man,
Had never rib nor bray nor swinging fan
Like his iron swimmer of the Clyde or Tyne,
Late-born of golden seed to breed a line
Of offspring swifter and more huge of plan.
Straight is her going, for, upon the sun
When once she hath look'd, her path and place are plain;
With tireless speed she smiteth one by one
The shuddering seas and foams along the main;
And her eased breath, when her wild race is run,
Roars through her nostrils like a hurricane."

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Mitchel and Murphy

MR. MITCHEL'S election as Mayor of New York is very satisfactory, but there is no need at present to celebrate the victory with the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music—though the crowds waiting for the results announced their presence with more varieties of dissonance than an average musician avoids in an average lifetime.

Jubilation is out of place. It is justification that we require. The citizens of a great metropolis should scarcely congratulate themselves on keeping the government of their city out of the hands of a scandalous organization. Ashamed of the past, and of the incredible corruption of the past, they should highly resolve to make a recurrence of such conditions impossible, and so atone, as far as may be, for the stigma that they have allowed to rest upon their city and their citizenship.

For it is not spasmodic reform, or superficial changes, that the people of New York, and of so many other cities throughout the country, must demand, and insist upon receiving. Rather, it is a fundamental change in the attitude of the people that we require, and will have: the change from ignorance, indifference and indecency to the full knowledge of decency and duty. Let us have done once for all with the shallow flippancy that regards seriousness in public affairs as a mere indication of a lack of humor. Let us have done with the provincialism that parades dishonesty in politics as an immutable and desirable condition. Let us have done with the disgusting public standards that enable an apparently upright citizen to announce openly that he will support an admitted gang of "grafters" and vote for their continued spoliation of the city and the State.

It is not Mr. Mitchel's large plurality that should attract attention, but the number of votes given to his Tammany opponent. The panderers and prostitute-mongers, the lower types of saloon keepers, the gamblers and thieves and rascaldom of the city would naturally and inevitably rally round the flag that pro-

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tects and encourages them: but what perversion of all reasoning, and of all decent standards of conduct, public and private, is involved in the support of such products of the underworld by tens of thousands of men who would not dream of indorsing a dishonest action in private life, yet will vote publicly for the degradation of their city!

Decency in public affairs has no connection with sanctimoniousness or the bigotry of ignorant puritanism. Mr. Mitchel's administration will not make New York City duller by one moment's pleasure than would the "lifted lid"—as proclaimed in the papers—of a McCall régime. But it will make New York safer and less expensive for the men and women who do not associate habitually with "grafters" and gangsters—that is to say, for the men and women who have hitherto paid the bill that the underworld has regularly presented.

Already, some of the issues of the campaign are being forgotten. It is time that they should be remembered again, acutely. The mere fact that Mr. Murphy is a "good loser" should not influence the attitude of the citizens who have so often lost, and lost heavily, in the game of despoiling the public at which Tammany is so adept. Anyone who has made millions out of the credulity of the public can afford to be a "good loser." But he can also afford to expatriate himself. America has no use for men of such a type.

Mr. Mitchel should be under no misapprehension. A great future lies before him,—and the White House is not, perhaps, remote. But no temperamental kindliness toward a defeated opponent must interfere with his obvious duty. There can be no decent government of New York while Tammany remains undestroyed, absolutely, root and branch. A condition of semi-starvation is not sufficient. For Tammany does not depend only upon elective offices: the obsequious servants of Charles F. Murphy are scattered through every department of the administration. They must be scattered a good deal further, and returned, individually and collectively, to the obscurity in which, alone, they can do full justice to their natural proclivities. And Mr. Murphy must be persuaded, firmly if not gently, to lead the pilgrimage of the undesirable to their own appointed place. The

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District Attorney can surely find adequate means of inducement. And the uneducated section of the public which has so long believed that Tammany had some connection with Democracy, must learn that Democracy is a bigger and finer thing than the exploitation of vice by an organization that is a byword throughout the world.

Mr. Sulzer

IT is perhaps natural that Mr. Sulzer takes himself too seriously; but it is regrettable that so many of his fellow-citizens should follow his example. Mr. Sulzer played a conspicuous part in one of the most conspicuous examples of political brazenness that the present generation has seen. But the contempt of every decent man for the crude usurpations of Charles F. Murphy should not result in a false estimate of the ex-Governor, merely because, at this recent stage in his career, he represented antagonism to the abominations of Tammany. Mr. Sulzer has many admirable qualities, as his friends well know. But his continued existence in public life is not creditable to the discernment of the electors. Viewed by the standards of many of his contemporaries, and almost all of his former associates, Mr. Sulzer's political career is almost passable; but judged by proper standards it is impossible. Tammany had no interest in honor and decency when it impeached him; it was interested only in its own immunity for former offences, and in the coveted privilege to continue those offences. It therefore took a desperate chance in its attempt to eliminate a supposed friend who had proved to be unpleasantly dangerous, and threatened to be still more inimical to the peaceful repose of the "grafters" who had relied upon him for support and security. That desperate chance produced boomerang results; and it is the duty of the District Attorney to make those results so obvious and so painful that no more chances of any kind will remain for the organization that has vitiated public life so incredibly for so many years. But Mr. Sulzer has no right to profit personally by the admitted corruption of Murphyism. He has rendered a service to the State by helping to drive home publicly facts which everyone with an iota of intelligence and public feeling should have known and re-

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sented long ago. But the best service that he can now render to the State is to remain in the background. The contention that the vote of the people has reversed the verdict of the court of impeachment is absurd. There is only one court of impeachment whose verdict has enduring value—the court of intelligent public opinion, free from local prejudices and from the passions of partisanship. That court will not be too harsh with Mr. Sulzer. It knows all the conditions. But it cannot tolerate the assumption by Mr. Sulzer that he has been a maligned and ill-used man. He has been one of the central figures in a degrading affair, and he should remain very silent for a long time to come.

Mexico

IT has been maintained, by many who have personal knowledge of Mexican conditions, that the Mexican people are incapable of proper self-government; that they could not, and would not, vote intelligently at a free election; that the régime of a Huerta is the only régime that they can comprehend, and the only government that can control and pacify the country. The right of any Power to interfere is denied on the ground that an independent nation has the privilege of conducting its own affairs in any way that it pleases.

But if the citizens of Mexico are incapable, as is thus asserted, of making any intelligent choice, and are content merely to acquiesce in the assumption of power by any military leader of the moment, it is difficult to see the precise value to them of conducting their affairs in any way that they please, since their pleasure has such a negative character. It is difficult also to see the value of a régime which simply perpetuates such deplorable conditions and makes no effort to prepare the people for the responsibilities that any civilized nation must undertake.

President Wilson's diplomacy is not quite so well understood as it will be in a little while, when the world has become more accustomed to the new standards of sincerity that he is setting. He has behaved with unexampled patience; and if he now finds it necessary to join firmness to fairness, no one will question his judgment. His splendid assertion that the United States will never again seek one foot of territory by conquest is a sufficient

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indication of the spirit in which he is dealing with the problem. His refusal to recognize Huerta was conceived in the same spirit of placing principle before temporary convenience. It is well that international difficulties should be handled in such a way by such men; and whatever the cost may prove to be, the country will ungrudgingly pay it.

Ulster

THE arming of Ulster continues and the situation is extremely ominous. In spite of the natural desire of the Irish leaders to commence their task of governing their country without finding that a portion of the country has been politically separated from them, the way of concessions will probably prove the only way of wisdom. Time is still the greatest healer, and the passions that are now inflamed will have subsided considerably in a few years. Home Rule at the cost of civil war, and of all that civil war brings in its train, is not a gift to be accepted lightly. If North-East Ulster were excluded from the operation of the act for a period of three years, the matter could then be taken up again and settled or postponed as conditions determined. By that time the Irish Parliament would have had the opportunity to show its competence, animosities might have dwindled, and the value of homogeneity have been made evident. At the worst, the situation could not be more difficult; probably it would be far better. It is earnestly to be hoped that the plan, or some modification of it, will be accepted. The mere spirit of conciliation thus shown would have important effects.

Plain Speaking to the Clergy

THE Bishop of Carlisle, England, recently made some severe strictures on the clergy of his diocese. The charges may profitably be considered by the clergy of many other dioceses.

"Two or three of the clergy," the bishop said, "are approaching the brink of exposure for their habits. Others seem to be afflicted with incurable indolence. The less they have to do, the worse they do it. Others are dull and listless. They get through Sunday, but Sunday does not shine through them.

"Their ministry is not ministry, but mechanicism. They do

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not visit sympathetically. They take little loving interest in their people, and consequently their people take little loving interest in them. Their churches are shut from Sunday to Sunday, and on Sundays they are empty."

This is pointed, but not too pointed.

Soccer

THE growth of interest in "soccer" at the universities and colleges is an excellent sign of progress. The interest is still somewhat satirical among the undergraduates generally, but they will modify this attitude as they learn the finer points and possibilities of the game. Far too many men give up all idea of regular games when they leave college. There is golf, of course; and golf is mountainous in merit. But there should be alternatives. With the rapid growth of such "soccer" clubs as are found in New York and other cities, perhaps the habit will spread of continuing to the thirties the games that are now abandoned in the earliest of the twenties. And there are few better games for a man who is able to give a little, and only a little, of his time to sport, than Association football. The once famous Corinthians of England are a little less distinguished than they used to be; but they show, with the numerous Old Boys' clubs, what a continued opportunity for play may mean to men who have taken up athletics wisely, but not immoderately.

Anti-Semitism

The acquittal of Mendel Beiliss at Kiev will, unfortunately, not put an end to the "ritual murder" absurdity which has been used as the excuse for so many outbreaks of fanaticism. But it is time that a little definite knowledge with regard to Judaism and its ideals should be disseminated, and the article by Rabbi Kornfeld in the current number deserves careful consideration.

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